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The Yolo Democrat.

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Historical Atlas of Yolo Co.

We are preparing a volume to illustrate and describe your County. The plan of this work is to represent by language and pictures its most important features, as shown in residences, Farms, Mills, Mines, Schools, Churches, Hotels and Business Houses, which of themselves are monuments to the taste and prosperity of the community in which they are situated and which no written description can portray.

The illustrations are to be made from original sketches drawn on the spot by Artists of the first ability. All sections of the County will be visited and the owners of prominent places deemed worthy of representation will be invited to have them prepared for the work. Similar works issued in other Counties have received the cordial support and generous patronage of leading citizens interested in the welfare and prosperity of their respective localities.

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Our aim will be to spread abroad reliable information relative to your County. The work will contain a large amount of Historical, Descriptive and Statistical matter of value and interest to all residents, and will be suitable for any parlor or library, and one which all citizens may feel proud to show to their friends at home and abroad as a representation of the enteprise, business and wealth of the County.

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"MEADOW KING MOWER"

And the TAYLOR SULKY RAKE."

Samples of which may be seen at the WOODLAND MILLS.

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W. B. TREADWELL, Attorney-at-Law, office at Court House.

J. C. BALL, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, office over Bank of Woodland.

C. P. SPRAGUE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, office in Bank building.

JOHN LAMBERT, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, over C. S. Frost's office.

C. S. FROST, Attorney and Conveyancer, Land Agt., one door west of Express office.

S. G. HARPER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Harper's building, up stairs.

F. E. BAKER, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Room 1, Excelsior Block.

MARSHALL, CRAIG & GRANT, Att'ys and Counsellors at Law, Excelsior Block.

P. H. SIBLEY, Attorney-at-Law and Justice of the Peace; office in Town Hall.

GEORGE ALFORD, Town Marshal and General Collector, office in Town Hall.

WARREN POWERS, Constable for Cache Creek Township, office in Town Hall.

NIGHT-WATCHMAN and Police Officer, Wm. Coulter, headquarters at Town Hall.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

DR. E. L. PARRAMORE, office at Elston & White's Drug Store, Galbraith's Block.

DR. GEO. H. JACKSON, office over Webber's Drug store, west side of Express Office.

DR. THOS. ROSS, Physician and Surgeon, office at Proctor's Drug Store.

DR. A. STRONG, Physician and Surgeon, office at Proctor's Drug Store.

DR. A. B. MERRITT, Physician and Surgeon, office at Proctor's Drug Store.

DR. B. H. PIERSON, Physician and Surgeon, office at Mack Webber's Drug Store.

DR. W. T. LUCAS, office over Webber's Drug store, one door west of Express Office.

C. E. PINKHAM, M. D., Homeopathic Physician, office over Bank of Woodland.

PRATHER & HOLMES, Dentists, office up stairs Bank Building.

DR. L. WELGES, German Physician, office and res. First st., first house south of Main.

DR. I. N. HODGEN, Practical Dentist, Room 2 (up stairs), Excelsior Block.

DR. A. N. DICK, Practical Dentist, office over Webber's drug store.

VARIOUS MANUFACTURERS.

WOODLAND FLOURING MILL, J. P. Rhodes, N. W. cor. First and Court streets.

P. KRELLENBERG, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer, S. W. cor. Main and Third.

MRS. T. C. POCKMAN, Shirt Manufacturer, Masonic Block, East Woodland.

RAG CARPET MANUFACTORY, west of R. Rupley's Corners, south side Main street.

J. K. SMITH, General Furniture Dealer, College Block, near Railroad street.

H. P. MARTIN, Patent Stone Manufacturer and Marble Works, cor. Main and 3d sts.

DRUGGISTS AND JEWELERS.

C. W. PROCTOR, Drugs, Paints, Perfumery, etc., one door east of Porter's Grocery.

J. B. ELSTON, Drugs, Paints, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., Galbraith's Block.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, etc., one door west of Express Office.

C. W. GREEN, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Stationery, Toys, etc., College Block.

C. S. GRAY, Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, in C. D Morin's Store, opp Express Office.

WAGON-MAKERS, BLACKSMITHS, &c

R. B. JOHNSON all kinds of Blacksmithing, opposite Tackney House.

PERRY & HARRIS, Blacksmiths and Machinists, First street, south of Bank.

J. SOVEREIGN, Wagon Maker and Blacksmith; shop on First street, north of Main.

DUNPHY & STOCKING, Blacksmiths, Horseshoers, etc., opp. Exchange Hotel.

B. F. READY, Blacksmith, Horseshoer, etc. southeast corner Main and Second streets.

DIETZ & KNOX, Carriage and Wagon Makers, Iron work, etc., cor. 1st and Main.

P. FITZGERALD, Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing, Main street, opp. Tackney House.

A. WEAVER, Wagon and Carriage Maker, Blacksmithing, etc., east of Wash'n Hall.

TAILORS AND SHOEMAKERS.

BENOIT BROS., Fashionable Merchant Tailors, north side Main, west of Railroad st.

J. A. BUTZ, Fashionable Merchant Tailor, College Block.

L. ZIRKER, Merchant Tailor, Repairer, etc., College Block.

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER, Wm. Williams, one door west of Adams' Grocery.

C. MILLER, Boot and Shoemaker, two doors east of Postoffice.

JOHN ZECHER, Boot and Shoemaker, next door to Knox's Barber shop.

J. G. HUDSON, Boot and Shoemaker, southwest corner Main and Railroad streets.

A. STAMPEHL, Boot and Shoemaker, a few doors east of Washington Hall.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES, Pockman & Smith, First street, north of Main.

CITY LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, Uncle Henry, opposite Exchange Hotel.

ELDORADO LIVERY STABLES, T. C. Pockman, Main street, near Third.

FASHION LIVERY AND FEED STABLES, Marders & Lawson, cor. Main and RR. sts.

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BANK OF WOODLAND, Money Loaned and Exchange drawn, cor. Main and First.

THOMAS & HUNT, Buy and Store grain, etc. office in Excelsior Block.

LAUGENOUR & BROWNELL, Dealers in Grain, Wool, etc., in Express office.

GEORGE D. FISKE, Life, Accident and Fire Insurance, Land Agency, etc., P. O. block.

HARLAN & STEPHENS, Dealers in Grain, Wool, etc., office, rear of Bank of Woodl'd.

WELLS, FARGO & CO'S EXPRESS, W. F. Moses agent, one door west of Bank.

HARDWARE, TINWARE, ETC.

H. B. WOOD, Shelf and Heavy Hardware Farming Tools, Wagons, etc., Main street.

F. S. FREEMAN & CO., Hardware, Farming Implem'ts, Machinery, etc., College Block.

H. KUHN & BRO., Stoves, Tin and Water Pipe Fitting, Pumps, etc., College Block.

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C. F. GRISWOLD, Stoves, Tinware, Gas and Water Pipes, Pumps, etc., near Postoffice.

CARPENTERS.

CARSON & GLENN, Architects and Builders, shop in White's Planing Mill, near R.R.

A. STAMP, Carpenter, Housebuilder, etc., Washington Hall building.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

CAPITAL HOTEL, John Tackney, Proprietor, corner Main and First streets.

CRAFT HOTEL, J. I. McConnell, Proprietor, Main street, bet. First and Railroad streets.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE, M. H. Torrence, Main, between Second and Third streets.

TACKNEY HOUSE, John Tackney, Prop'r, West Main street, opp. Catholic Church.

HELVETIA HOTEL, F. Burge, Proprietor, south side of Main, and west of R.R. sts.

FRENCH RESTAURANT, B. Dennery, Proprietor, two doors west of Express Office.

PALACE RESTAURANT, Mrs. M. Davidson, Proprietor, Main street, opp. College.

WM. RAWSON, Private Boarding House Masonic Block, East Main street.

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YOLO MARKET, Frazer & Co., old stand, north side of Main, bet. 1st and 2d streets.

WOODLAND BAKERY, Otto Schluer, Proprietor, First st., north of Capital Hotel.

WOODLAND MEAT MARKET, Barnes & Co., a few doors west of Postoffice.

YOLO (Branch) MARKET, Frazer & Co., southeast corner Main and Railroad sts.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

J. G. SCHWALM, Groceries and Provisions, opposite Washington Hall.

J. I. EATON, Groceries, Provisions, Fruits, Vegetables, etc., cor. Main and Third sts.

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J. H. EATON & SON, Grocers and Provision Dealers, Fruits, etc., Galbraith's Block.

A. D. PORTER & CO., Groceries, Provisions, Gen'l Family Supplies, Craft House Block.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

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A. ALEXANDER, Dry Goods, Clothing, Furnishing Goods, etc., White House.

CHARMAK & LEVY, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Groceries, etc., Excelsior Block.

GOSLINER & CO., Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Hats, Hosiery, etc., Bank Building.

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PETER HUMMEL, Shaving 25 cents, Haircutting 25 cents, opp. Fashion Stables.

EMILE DINZLER, Fashionable Barber & Hair-Cutting 25c, Shampooing 25c. College Block.

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JAKE SCOTT, Pioneer Barber, one door east of Frazer & Co's butcher shop.

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YOLO BREWERY, Schuerley & Miller, Proprietors, west Main street, north side.

WOODLAND BREWERY, Wirth Brothers, Lincoln Avenue, west end.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LIQUORS, L. Dreyfus, opposite Express Office.

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CACHE CREEK SALOON, Thomas Pierce, Liquors, Cigars, west of Fashion Stables.

HARRY GALLIHER, Eagle Saloon, Burns and Dietz Block, Main street.

A. DEHLIER, San Francisco Beer, Wines and Liquors, opposite Capital Hotel.

LASKY'S SALOON, I. Lasky, Wines, Cigars and Liquors, College Block.

PIONEER SALOON, W. W. Woods, Wines, Liquors, etc., opposite Postoffice.

ABE'S, Abe Morris, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Main street, opposite Postoffice.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE SALOON, Voorhees & Berry, next to Capital Hotel.

CAPITAL HOTEL SALOON, John Tackney, Wines, Liquors, etc., in Hotel building.

GOLDEN EAGLE SALOON, John Moore, Wines, etc., next Wood's Hardware Store.

CRAFT SALOON, C. Barr, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, east end of Craft Hotel.

STEGALL'S OLD CORNER, H. Stegall, Wines, etc., northeast cor. Main and RR. sts.

FASHION SALOON, Wilcox & Sproul, Wines, etc., northwest cor. Main and RR. streets.

SWISS SALOON, C. Bush, Wine, Beer and Cigars, Washington Hall.

EXCHANGE SALOON, A. W. Tucker, adjoining American Exchange Hotel.

WOODLAND WINERY, J. Q. A. Clark, Proprietor, opp. Water Works, east Main st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAILY AND WEEKLY DEMOCRAT, Wm. Saunders, Ed'r & Pub'r, Freeman's block.

YOLO MAIL, W. W. Theobalds, (Weekly) Editor and Publisher, office in Burns' block.

DEPUE & CO., Compilers "Illustrated History of Yolo County," Excelsior Block.

WOODLAND WATER WORKS, J. W. Peek, southeast cor. Main and 4th streets.

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NEWS DEPOT, E. Berg, Papers, Periodicals, from all parts the world, op. Capital Hotel.

WOODLAND GAS WORKS, J. D. Stephens Pres't, F. M. Brown Supt., 4th and Main.

WOODLAND POULTRY YARD, Mrs. C. H. Sprague, east of Railroad Depot.

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PIONEER LUMBER YARDS, R. H. Newton & Co., corner Court and Railroad streets.

VARIETY STORES.

WOODLAND VARIETY STORE, Geo. C. St. Louis, Stationery, Toys, etc., opp. College.

VARIETY STORE, Mrs. P. Hafky, Groceries, Tobacco, Toys, etc., north side of Main st.

J. C. O'CONNOR, Stationery, Candies, Nuts, Tobacco, etc., next door to Fashion Stables.

Churches, Societies, Etc.

Christian Church, Railroad street south of Main; services Sunday morning and evening, and Thursday evening.

Congregational, First street south of Main; services Sunday morning and evening, and Thursday evening.

Methodist Episcopal, West Main street, south side; services Sunday morning and evening, and Thursday evening.

Catholic, West Main street, north side; services Sundays and holydays.

Baptist, at Washington Hall, West Main street; services Sunday morning.

Seventh-Day Adventists Third street south; services Saturday morning, and Tuesday and Friday evenings.

Hesperian College—J N Pendegast, President, J K Smith, Secretary. Faculty—Profs. A M Elston, R A Grant, F A Pedlar, W C Ridgway, I Brown; Miss Elma Edwards, Music Teacher.

Public School, J W Goin, Principal: Assistants, Miss Bettie Woods, Mrs. Pedlar, Mrs Dexter, Miss M E Freeman, Miss Genon Lawson, Mrs Grant, Mrs DeLong and Miss J M Kean.

Public Library, opposite Capital Hotel. Mrs L F Craft, Secretary; open every evening.

F & A M, Hall East Main street between 3d and 4th.

R A M, meet at Masonic Hall 1st Wednesday in each month.

Odd Fellows' Hall over Bank of Woodland; meet Saturday night.

Good Templars, Hall West Main street, south side; meet Wednesday evening.

A O U W, meet in Odd Fellows Hall Tuesday evening.

O K S B, (Jewish) meet Sunday at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Knights of Fythias meet Monday evening at Good Templars Hall.

Turn Verein, Turners Hall, meet 1st Wednesday in each month.

Ladies Relief Society, Mrs A. Alexander, President; Mrs. W. W. Brownell, Vice-President; Mrs. C. W. Bush, Treasurer; Mrs. Dr. Parramore, Secretary.

Woodland Fire Company, No 1, W F Moses Foreman, L Chase engineer.

Cemetery Association, Jason Watkins President, J K Smith Secretary.

Woodland Race Course, —— Parker manager.

Postoffice, L Walker P M.

Telegraph Office, Postoffice building, R A Fitzgerald operator.

Railroad Agent, E Valentine; residence at the Depot.

County and Town Officers.

S. C. Denson, Distrct Judge Sixth Judicial District for Yolo Co.—Regular Terms, January, May and September.

E R Bush, County and Probate Judge.

John Lambert, Joint Senator for Yolo and Solano.

W M DeWitt, Assemblyman.

Supervisors—S N Mering, J C Smith, Wm Sims, R F Hester, R H Newton.

Carey Barney, Sheriff; John E. Maltby, Under Sheriff.

D M Burns, Clerk and Auditor,

R W Megowan, Recorder.

C H Garoutte, District Attorney.

A C Kean, Treasurer,

R H Beamer, Assessor.

H B Pendegast, Supt. Public Schools.

James E R O'Farrell, County Surveyor.

S L Monday, Public Administrator.

P Krellenberg, Coroner.

County Hospital—Physician, Thomas Ross, Warden, B F Harlan.

Town Trustees—Jas Viers, John M Rhodes, A Nickelsburg, Otto Schluer, Christ Sieber; A Nickelsburg, Town Clerk.

City Attorney—W B Treadwell.

Marshal—George Alford.

Policemen—Wm Coulter and Del Simmons.

Justice of the Peace—P H Sibley.

Constables—Warren Powers, S M Norton.

Public Halls—Central Hall, Geo D Fiske manager; Washington Hall, W W Porter proprietor; Turn Verein Hall, Otto Schluer manager.

L. P. EVERETT,

CIVIL ENGINEER & COUNTY SURVEYOR OF YOLO COUNTY.

OFFICE—Court House, Woodland. jelldw

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J. C. BALL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN BANKRUPTCY,

OFFICE—Over Bank of Woodland, Main street, Woodland, Cal. ap1w

DR. GEORGE H. JACKSON,

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Office, one door west of Express Office; Residence, Second St., between Lincoln and Oak Avenues. my1dw

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,

And Notary Public.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, at Proctor's Drug Store, Woodland. Calls promptly responded to at all hours. jeldw

THOMAS ROSS, M.D.C.M.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at Proctor's Drug Store. Residence, College Street, fourth house south of Main. my1w

L. WELGES, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

(*Deutscher Arzt, Wundarzt und Geburtshelfer.*)

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—First house on First, South of Main Street. je5w

E. R. BUSH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,

Searcher of Records and Conveyancer.

Office in Court House, Woodland, Cal. my1dw

DR. W. T. LUCAS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office, over Thomas & Bidwell's Store, Main Street, Woodland. my1dw

To the Ladies of Woodland and Vicinity.

Rag Carpet Manufactory.

The undersigned wishes to inform the public that he has just established himself in Woodland, and is prepared to weave rag carpets for all who wish them.

PRICES:

Fancy Patterns, per yard..... 50 cts
Patterns with white warp, per yard..... 45 cts
Plain Patterns, per yard..... 40 cts

For Sale at Nickelsburg Bros.'

Orders left at Porter's Store will be promptly attended to.

ap18-3m THOMAS McCANNA.

CAPITAL HOTEL,

Woodland.

Having purchased, thoroughly renovated and refurnished this old and favorite house throughout, the patronage of the resident and traveling public is respectfully solicited.

Good Boarding and Comfortable Rooms

At reasonable prices by the day or week. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

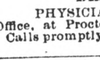
No Chinese Cooks Employed.

Free 'bus to and from all passenger trains.

JOHN TACKNEY, Proprietor. jelw

DR. I. N. HODGEN,

DENTIST.



Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

A beautiful set of teeth on firm gold plate (20 car.) for $40. Full set for $60.

Office in Excelsior Block, (up stairs, Main Street, Woodland, Cal. jelw

Tropical Scenes in the South Pacific—Coral Reefs and Polulo Fishing.

BY J. G. C.—NO. THREE.

The Samoans have two dialects, one for addressing a chief, and one for the use of the lower orders. They have a very graceful recognition of the nobility of intellect, by giving the next highest position in society to what they call their "talking men." Every chief has his "talking man," if he can afford it. I will relate an amusing instance of the power these men have. A certain chief owned a very nice and plump pony, and his neighboring chief envied him the possession of it. If the pony had belonged to any member of his family, however remote the relationship, he would only have had to express a wish for it and it would have been his. As it was, he resorted to another means of obtaining the pony. He had a fat pig, and sent it along with his "talking man" to this chief for a "swap." True to his duty the man went and stationed himself in front of the chief's bamboo house, and leaning on his long pole (his badge of office), began his harangue. The chief soon found out what was up, and knowing that unless he could present some cogent reasons why the exchange should not be made his pony was a goner, he straightway sent for his "talking man," who could not be found—sent half a dozen natives to hunt him up, and while they were doing so the old chief was raving around, tearing his hair, shouting, "My G—I I'll lose my pony if he doesn't come quick." The man of eloquence was spinning out the words like a machine, and producing reasons for the "swap" so fast that it made the old chief's head swim. At last his man came, and at it the two went. Loud and furious were their tones, and wild their gestures, facing each other and each giving the other particular fits. The old chief had the best man, and won the heat, and rides his pony to this day.

The government of Samoa is modeled somewhat after that of the United States. They have a king, elected every seven years, Upper and Lower House, called in native parlance the Taimua and Faipule. The Taimua is the Senate, and the Faipule is the House of Representatives. Shortly after my arrival I visited the Taimua and Faipule whilst they were in session, officially. They are always in session, however, except when they are asleep.

They sit there day after day, not a bit of business on hand, but Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up. I turned up that day, and was warmly welcomed. Every member got up and shook hands with me, except an old gentleman who couldn't rise, commencing with the President and going down the line. I took an offered seat, and deep silence ensued. Whilst I was gazing on the countenance of the venerable President and wondering how old he was, his face suddenly lighted up, and in a calm and dignified manner he welcomed me to Samoa and spoke in the most friendly terms of the Americans generally. His speech was interpreted to me by the Secretary of State, a native, who reads and writes English and is one of the finest developed men I ever saw in my life. After I had replied, and my reply was interpreted to him, there was a general clapping of hands, and immediately two pretty girls, just budding into womanhood, appeared with a bowl for making Ava. This is a great native drink, and is made from a root belonging to the pepper family, the plant of which is very carefully cultivated by the natives, and is highly valued for its medicinal virtues. It is intoxicating if taken in large quantites, say a gallon or so, by those used to it, but it does not take much to affect a stranger.

How is the ava made? A lovely Samoanese will take the root, chopped up into thin, small pieces, and after carefully rinsing her pretty mouth, will commence to masticate it—no, ruminate quietly and nicely, as a dainty Alderny with her cud—and in a few moments will have put a few balls, about the size of a walnut, into the ava-bowl, which to be fashionable must have a golden tinge inside, from the dye of the root.

Water from cocoanut shells, is then poured over these balls, and after mixing, the fibrous matter is removed by dipping the cocoanut fibre in it and squeezing out the juice back into the bowl, or into cocoanut shells for drinking. One of the young girls taking a handful of carefully shredded fibres in her dainty fingers, she dipped it into the bowl, and squeezing it into a cocoanut cup, held by the other damsel, who handed it to me to drink.

Out of courtesy I tasted it, and found it not unpleasant to the taste, with a slightly pungent effect, leaving a warm, stimulating flavor on the palate, and exceedingly refreshing. Ava is to the native what tea and coffee is to the white man. It is different in its effect from liquor. In moderation it is quite as harmless as the above beverages, though I can't recommend the process by which it is made.

The missionaries have of late years tried hard to taboo its use among the natives, only to cause the introduction of an infinitely more harmful drink in the shape of orange rum, which is never drank without producing an indescribable orgy.

With the ave however, if like Mr. Dick Swiveller, you "pass the rosy" too often, what happens? Why nothing. I have experienced the sensation myself. It produces a quiet state, it paralyzes the muscles and nerves, and you are simply annihilated, and "you puts up your legs and thinks o' nothing," until you come to; you are not insensible, however; your brain is remarkably clear, but you cannot control your limbs or muscles. You are none the worse after waking up from a sleep which follows prostration. Your brain does not seem exhausted, and you arise as fresh as a cucumber.

After the ava went 'round, and the old people took lots of it, a huge bowl of bread fruit dumplings, cooked in cocoanut fat, was brought in and handed 'round on pieces of banana leaves, in lieu of plates. It was very rich and of nice flavor. Lastly, after eating chicken and young pig, fresh young cocoanuts with their eyes cut off, revealing the cool, delicious milk within, and bananas and oranges, a feast fit for the gods. I passed about an hour with the dignified houses, and then left, after shaking hands all 'round again. I remember that, clear of the house, I looked back and saw them sitting there on the mats cross-legged, just the same as before I entered, and are probably sitting there the same way to-day.

It is entrancing to sit on the verandhs facing the sea and inhale the fresh air as it comes in gusty puffs, and the curl and flash of the never-ceasing surf on the edge of the reef brings a cooling thought, as great rollers come dashing up to the edge, then leap in the air, fall with a crash, and subside over the low water in snowy whiteness. It gives the idea of snow and ice. The outer reef is about a mile from the shore, the harbor facing due north, and the opening in the reef a little over a quarter of a mile wide, makes the harbor. There is good and safe anchorage for a large fleet of vessels. I have counted twenty-eight large vessels at anchor at one time, and they are coming and going continually. The reef, as in all the South Pacific Islands near the equator, is composed of coral, and at low tide most of it is bare where the natives fish for shell fish and spear the shark and gar fish. This reef is also remarkable as one of the few in the world where Polulo-fishing is indulged in. Polulo is a kind of a worm, whose mysterious appearance and disappearance has never been solved. It varies in length and size, sometimes being fifteen inches long and the size of a large knitting needle, generally only about a foot long and seems to be in sections, breaking in two very easily, sometimes at the touch, and frequently when taken in the hand dissolving entirely, leaving only a streak across your hand to mark where it was. They are very watery, and some of a bright green color, others gray and brown. They only make their appearance two days every six months, and then only between daylight and sun-up. As soon as the first rays of the sun touches them they disappear. The first morning they are not so plentiful, the next more so, and a few straggling ones can be seen on the third morning.

The natives know to the very moment when they make their appearance, which is a little singular, as they do not come up at regular intervals, but usually in October or November during the dark of the moon. The inhabitants of Apia turn out en masse when they appear and have a general jollification. If you want to go you turn out in the morning about 4 o'clock, get into an out-rigger canoe with a party of girls, and you soon find yourself in the dark, among a crowd of others filled with men, women and children, laughing, squalling and flirting, the noise almost overcoming the incantations of some old women who sing either to the sea or some sea goddess to polulato.

All are waiting for the first tinge of light to guide them on their prey; the fishing ground is out in the harbor where the water is about 20 or 30 feet deep in places and just over the reef.

Your fishing apparatus consists of anything you can get, from a bit of native matting up to a magnificent net made out of a pair of window curtains stitched on a bit of stick like a battledore. As the light gradually increases you are aware of the fact that the water is alive with myriads of wriggling worms, you have but to dip and you bring up lumps of writhing stuff which puts one in mind of a confused mass of angle-worms, only the color is beautiful, green, yellow, brown and gray. You empty into your calabash and dip again. There is no law on the water on these occasions. It Toe is flirting instead of attending to her polulo fishing, you have a perfect right to reach over and empty her calabash into yours, and if she splashes you with her paddle, or can upset your little frail canoe into the midst of sharks that are busy taking in the polulo, you have to take it or retaliate. You won't spoil her clothes, and if you are in a canoe with girls, your own is suddenly turned bottom upwards. They are shaky things at best, (I mean the canoes.) So the fun goes on. The dawn gradually gets clearer, bringing out the splendid statuesque figures fishing for big fish on the outer reef with long bamboos in the most artistic manner, casting their bait of squid into the very surf itself; until at last—

"Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun upriseth."

And sends his vivid rays gleaming through the blue water walls of the surf. Then instantly all sport ceases. The polulo vanishes, not to appear for another six months, and skylarking and racing and splashing all speed homeward, some going out through a small outlet through the reef near the fishing ground, outside the reef to enjoy the tossing of the huge billows, and ride on the waves in the canoes to the main entrance of the harbor. Then the natives run all over the Island to distant parts, and divide with their less fortunate brethren who were unable to be present at the feast. They eat these worms raw sometimes, just as they dip them up with their hands. Sometimes they are wrapped in banana leaves and baked. This way they are very edible, tasting something like a baked crab. When eaten raw they are a cross between an oyster and a clam, with a somewhat phosphoric taste. When stewed in butter and cream they have very much the appearance of a dish of spinach, and very good; on toast, like caviar, also very good. But one who is not accustomed to eat them does not banker after them, but I made it an invariable rule in my travels to taste all new dishes, and I have in this manner come across some good dishes which I otherwise would have lost.

Speed Programme for the State Fair.

SACRAMENTO, June 19.—There was a meeting of the Board of Directors of the State Agricultural Society at the Pavilion to-day. H. M. La Rue presided, and all of the Directors were present, except L. J. Rose, of Los Angeles. The programme which the Committee of the Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association recommended was adopted. In this there are sixteen races, and so arranged as must secure large fields to contend. The trotting is arranged to take place on alternate days, so that the track will be in good order for both classes of horses. There are nine trotting purses, and the classification is satisfactory to a majority of the owners. The prospects are now favorable for this department of the fair being a great success, as the combination is excellent, and the patrons of turf sports will be gratified with the best meeting ever held at the State Fair.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Exit Extra Session — Many Appropriation Bills—Unexpected Unanimity—A Score of Democrats Vote Against the Army Bill—An Adjournment Almost Certain by the 16th—Probably the last Caucus of the Session—Multanimous Disagreement on the Silver Bill.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10th, 1879.

Some surprise is expressed at the very large majority vote by which the Legislative Appropriation Bill was passed in the House on yesterday. It had been urged against the bill that its provisions were not clearly defined annd that it would be difficult of construction. Some members, Democrats as well as Republicans, were in favor of the vetoed bill, with the repealing section and appropriations for court expenses omitted, and there was an endeavor to have this substituted for the Committee bill. Gen. Hawley was of opinion that a sufficient number of Democratic votes could be secured to carry a bill to this effect through the House. In the late Democratic caucus the speaker of the House proposed and advocated a new bill but he was voted down, the caucus voting in favor of a continuation of the present law with certain additions. Gen. Hawley finally voted in favor of the Committee Bill, as did all the Republicans. The twenty-two opposing votes were cast by Democrats, some of whom were not willing to favor the bill denuded of the repealing legislation originally proposed, and by others who objected to the form of the bill. Mr. Cox refused to vote for the bill, giving as his reason that his constituents insisted upon the first stand taken by the party and were unwilling to abate their demands. The Army Bill will be brought before the House by the Committee on Appropriations to-day and will be passed immediately. Yesterday Mr. Ryan, Republican, of Kansas, moved to pass the Army Bill, as reported by the committee, containing the clause forbidding the s

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.,

THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879.

Be Still.

BY ALICE CARY.

Come, bring me wild pinks from the valleys,
Ablaze with the fire o' the sun—
Nopoor little pitiful lilies
That speak of a life that is done!

And open the windows, to lighten
The wearisome chamber of pain—
The eyes of my darling will brighten
To see the green hill-tops again.

Choose tunes with a lullaby flowing,
And sing through the watches you keep;
Be soft with your coming and going—
Be soft! she is falling asleep.

Ah! What would my life be without her?
Pray God that I never may know?
Dear friends, as you gather about her,
Be low with your weeping—be low.

Sing slower, sing softer and slower!
Her sweet cheek is losing its red;
Sing low—aye, sing lower and lower—
Be still! oh, be still! she is dead.

Going to a Chowder Party.

When a man has received sentence of death, I believe that he is thereafter a dead man, in the eye of the law, whether he be executed or not. The lucky individual thus wipes off all his debts but one, which he is not permitted to discharge—gets rid, may be, of a troublesome wife, and leaves his children nominally fatherless. But how is it with a man who has been drowned—positively defunct—and who, but for the solicitude and desperate exertions of his friends, would have been at this moment in a "dreamless sleep" in Greenwood Cemetery? I contend that I should enjoy all the privileges of a dead man. I had no more to do with my present existence than when first I was "sent into this breathing world." I was rolled and rubbed and salted into life—literally salted down for preservation. It was two to one that I never revived; but I came to—so, as a waggish friend remarked, the chances were even that, having been drowned, I must have been born to that fate, and therefore should escape hanging. This was some small consolation, certainly, amidst the manifold miseries of the life to which I was brought back; and another is, that, having in a measure been "born again"—born of "water and the spirit," for I swallowed large quantities of both—I may stand a chance of enjoying a happy hereafter. With this hope I try to bear my fate philosophically, and have even paid the expenses of the process by which I "languished into life."

The adventure I am about to relate may not be uninteresting to others—to me it is a marvellous reminiscence:

It was arranged by a party of us, last summer, that one day we should hire a sail-boat, and go up the Sound to enjoy a chowder party, and have a good time generally. We were to take with us all the necessary materials, catch our own fish, and then cook 'em and eat 'em.

It was a bright, beautiful morning in the month of July, when the party, consisting of nine or ten persons, embarked in the *Johnny Austin* on the intended trip. The boat was something between a yacht and a small fishing smack; and her somewhat limited proportions, I confess, did not impress me favorably, inasmuch as the party was large, and some of them, particularly the ex alderman's brother, were large-sized individuals. However, my motto always is "Who's afraid?" and with some slight misgivings I stepped on board, and we proceeded, with a nice gentle breeze, through Hell Gate, and away down towards Oyster Bay. All went very pleasantly. There was a slight ripple upon the bosom of the water, and *Johnny* glided through it very gracefully, and promptly obeyed the will of the steersman. Whether it were the saline propensities of the sound, or the heat of the sun, I know not, but the party soon began to complain of thirst, and there appeared to be an extraordinary curiosity with regard to the contents of the small hamper. Well, its depths were soon explored, and certainly there was no fear of our dying either from hunger or thirst. "Old Bourbon" was a popular drink, and the ex-alderman's brother was not backward in showing us a good example. "If it is an enemy, 'who's afraid?'" he would say, adopting my motto; and then he would courageously put it into his mouth, and with the same *nonchalance*, too, with which Van Amburgh places his head in the mouth of the lion. I need not say that his example was universally followed; and in fact there seemed to be quite a spirit of emulation created, so far at least as swallowing the contents of the demi-john were concerned.

The hours passed away very pleasantly. What with chatting, smoking, "smiling" and sailing, and now and then taking a "bite"—these were the only "bites" we had, by the way, for somehow we overlooked the particular object of the trip—we had an "immense" time, and at length some one suggested that it might be advisable to "tack ship" and steer towards the city. As there were indications of the wind's rising as the sun went down, the suggestion was acted upon, and "about" we went. The wind, however, did not wait for the sun to disappear, but came down upon us in regular Young Boreas style, creating a nasty chopping sea, which sent the boat dancing. to the threatened disorganization of our internal arrangements, entirely destroying our appetites, and rendering necessary frequent applications to the brandy bottle.

The steersman, who had been hired with the boat, was the only one unaffected; and fortunate for us that it was so, for the increased gale required all the attention he could give to the proper management of the boat. I say "proper management;" but it seemed to me that he was not exactly *au fait* to nautical matters, and that his knowledge of seamanship was somewhat limited. We, however, got along pretty well until we were nearly opposite Throgg's Neck, when it was proposed to run in there. "All right!" said the steerman. "Look out for your heads, gentlemen, I am going to jibe her! Now, jibes or jeers were all the same to us, for not a soul on board knew what it meant; but we took care of our heads nevertheless, and suddenly the boom dashed with great force from one side to the other, and in a moment over went the boat, and over went I, and down, until I thought I should never stop! How deep I sank I know not, but after awhile I found myself ascending, and on approaching the surface, I remember seeing the ex-alderman's brother sitting astride of the bottom of the boat, with a bottle in his hand, like a jolly old Bacchus astride of a puncheon.

I recollect beating the water frantically with my arms, for I couldn't swim. I tried to recollect all that I had heard about treading water, and moving your legs as though you were walking—of throwing yourself upon your back and having no fear—all very well and very easy of accomplishment, no doubt, except the fear; but the lack of that being absolutely necessary to the success of those life-saving measures, my efforts entirely failed. Besides, I have a peculiar propensity for carrying about me a large sum of money—almost invariably in gold, too—and on this occasion I was encumbered with the weight of several hundred dollars, which interfered with the natural buoyancy of the human body, and added to my downward tendency. I succeeded, however, with great difficulty, in divesting myself of a portion of the money, for it was valueless then in comparison with life, and I must have come up a second time, as I was subsequently found entangled among the ropes under the boat. I recollect nothing, however, but a fearful rushing noise in my ears; and when this ceased, the most delightful emotions succeeded. They were just such sensations as I once experienced after swallowing an opium pill. The loveliest scenes that the brightest imagination of an artist ever conceived passed before me. There were trees whose verdure glowed in rays of imaginable glory—flowers of gorgeous hues, such as earth never saw. There were mountains and valleys, whose velvet slopes of the brightest emerald were dotted with buttercups of shining amber, and daisies that sparkled like diamonds. Birds flitted to and fro, with plumage of the richest colors, and filled the air with musical warblings so delicious, that my spirit seemed "lapsed in elysium." Then methought I heard a distant sound of human voices, blending in ravishing harmony; and one, sweeter than the rest, sang in a gentle tone that fell like a breath upon the ear—

Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit come away.

After this all was a blank; and the next sensation was one of exquisite pain that extended to every portion of my system, as though the current of life had become stagnant, and was being violently forced onward. There were sharp pains in every joint, and the surface of my body seemed to be punctured by myriads of needles, which entered every pore of the skin. But the agony I suffered about the region of the heart was intense, excruciating, indescribable. When these sensations had partly passed over, I first awoke to consciousness, and, opening my eyes, recollect experiencing a longing desire for a hearty draught of porter, but was unable to ask for it. I heard a rumbling noise, and felt a jarring motion; but it was several minutes before I realized my true situation, and could tell whether I was in this world or another. I then discovered that I was in a railroad car; that I was entirely naked and packed in a large quantity of salt; and that my mouth was filled with a large lump of it—as they stick a lemon in the mouth of a sucking pig after its untimely decease. My body was terribly sore, and my limbs so stiff that it was with difficulty I could move them. Some persons were standing around me, but in the dim light I could not recognize them; and, indeed, could I have done so, I was too weak and faint to afford them any indication of it. I was perfectly sensible, however, and vividly recalled the fearful adventure I had passed through. On reaching New York, I was placed in a carriage and conveyed to my residence, and for some time lay on my bed "like seaweed on a clam," and for several days expectorated nothing but brine. Indeed, what with the salt subsequently applied outwardly and inwardly, I must have been something in the condition of Lot's wife.

Everybody said that I had had a narrow escape, which I readily believed, and the particulars were afterwards recounted to me. It seems that all the other parties clung to the boat, or to the mast and sail, and were rescued by some persons from the shore; and, when all hands were mustered, I was found to be missing. They say that quite fifteen minutes had elapsed from the time of the accident, and my fate was supposed to be sealed. At the moment, however, when they were about leaving the scene, some one chanced to see my straw hat floating by the side of the boat, and knew it at once, and recollected that it was fastened with a ribbon to a button-hole of my coat. An expert swimmer thereupon bravely plunged in, and, diving under the boat, found me attached by a portion of my dress to the rigging. I was conveyed to the shore, apparently perfectly lifeless, and not one of the party entertained for a moment the slightest hope of resuscitating me.

On reaching the land, however, they met a Swedish sailor, who professed to know all about such cases; and, as desperate ones require desperate means, he advised rolling me on a barrel. Somebody else thought that bleeding would be preferable; but the sailor fortunately scouted the idea, and he was permitted to follow his own course, as I had reason to know from the abrasures of the skin, and a wound in the pit of my stomach, the effect of which I feel to this day. Whatever else they did to me, I never knew; but it is certain that all their efforts were only partially successful, and I was given up as a gone case, and placed in a car, packed in salt, before a large fire which they kindled in the stove. Most unaccountably I revived. It may have been the jolting of the car, or the horrible heat to which I was exposed; for, can any one imagine a place more like Pandemonium, according to the general idea of that locality, than a railroad car heated by a large fire in the month of July! I have no doubt that my naturally "pure spirit" revolted at the idea, and preferred the tenement of clay to an uncertain change. Be that as it may, I survived fire and water, rolling on a barrel, and the other innumerable torments to which a drowned man is exposed, escaping without broken bones, and am still a man of this (mundane) world, instead of a spirit of the next. I still maintain, however, that I have a right to claim the privileges of a dead man, and to repudiate all obligations which attached to my former existence.—*New York Sunday Times.*

Imitating Senators.

A correspondent writes, "I read with interest the article published in a March number of the *Companion*, describing the pages employed in the Capitol at Washington. The fact mentioned in the description, that their moral education is neglected, reminded me of a scene I witnessed in the Senate Chamber one night last winter.

"It was the night on which memorial services in honor of the late Prof. Henry were held in the Hall of Representatives. The hall was packed, and instead of trying to push my way in, I went over to the Senate Chamber.

"It was brilliantly lighted, and though the Senators were absent—they were attending the memorial services—their seats were occupied by the pages.

"They were holding a mock session. One of their number, occupying the Vice-President's chair, was returning thanks for the honor of a third election as their presiding officer. His heart was warm, he said, and though unworthy of the position, he would strive to fill it to the best of his ability.

"When he took his seat, amid general applause, a bill giving the suffrage to women was read.

"A page representing the Senator from —— arose and began a speech. It hurt him to the very core of his heart, he said, to see the way the country was going to the dogs. He couldn't think of the Woman's-Rights question without shedding bitter tears.

"Here he gave way to his emotions, and amid his sniffling several glasses of water and two or three towels were offered him. Wiping his eyes and moistening his lips, he began again.

"With violent gesticulations and loud voice, he depicted the dark prospects of the country until, again overcome by his emotions, he dropped into his seat, took up an evening paper, and seemed absorbed in the news.

"Several other amateur senators spoke, and so perfect was the imitation of senatorial forms and peculiarities, that the audience regretted when a motion to adjourn finished the mock session.

"I saw and moralized. The little fellows had picked up the ways of the Senators they waited on. Perhaps the page who called for 'a glass of lager' at the restaurant's bar had picked up *that way* from a real Senator."—*Washington, in Youth's Companion.*

Fruit Trees.

I find that lime, wood ashes and old iron put around the roots of declining fruit trees, have a very beneficial effect. These fertilizers restore the tree to a healthy condition, and also greatly improve the fruit in quality and quantity. I made the application on a Windsap and Never Fail; about half a bushel of mixed lime and ashes to each, and dug it in with a hoe some six feet around the trunk, and put the old iron immediately around the base of each.

The trees put forth with renewed vigor, bloomed abundantly, and yielded a good crop of fruit. An excellent wash for trees may be made thus: Heat an ounce of salsoda to redness in an iron pot, and dissolve it in one gallon of water, and while warm apply it to the trunk. After one application the moss and old bark will drop off and the trunk will be quite smooth. The wash has highly recuperative properties, making old trees bear anew.

I have tried soft soap as a wash with good results, and also a coating of lime in the spring season, which is a fine specific for old trees. The question is often asked, is it best to manure trees in the fall or spring? I have found the summer season to be a good time; have much faith in mulching, especially young trees, for several seasons after they are planted. Apple trees are said to have two growths during the season—the secondary growth takes place after midsummer, hence it is that a top dressing of good manure, and also coarse litter, facilitates the late growth, and often produces very marked results in the habit and formation of the tree.

The good effect that mulching has to young trees is, that it wards off the intense heat of the sun from the tender roots, and also has a tendency to hold moisture. A good top dressing of stable manure in the fall, around young trees, with a good many corn cobs cast over the surface of the soil, gives satisfactory results.—*W. A. London, in Rural Messenger.*

What He Wanted.

Col. Davy Crockett's original exhibitions of character and manners at Washington have been the theme of many a story, and matter for many a hearty laugh. A Washington letter-writer describes a similar genius out of the woods, who made his first visit four or five years ago to the seat of Government on official business from Puget Sound:

He put up at a fashionable hotel, and at dinner that day, after astounding the waiters by his extraordinary appetite, having tasted of every dish on the *menu*, the Puget Sounder touched bottom on the dessert.

Amongst other things there were apple dumplings, with a sauce of sugar and butter, and a strong infusion of cognac, a combination of ingredients not objectionable to the frontier official. The steward, in doling out his dumplings, assigned to each a becoming ration of sauce.

The Puget Sounder, by a partiality for sauce, caused it to fail in its distribution to dumpling, so that the supply of the former was soon exhausted, leaving but a leathery mass of bare dumpling.

The frontier official in his time had swallowed worse things than Washington hotel dumplings, but after nibbling around the doughy mass, and selecting from beneath the covering all the apple he could scrape out, the waiter, noticing the situation, stepped up and inquired—

"Governor, will you have some more dumpling?"

The official, first looking at the waiter to see if he was in earnest, and then at his plateful of excavated dumplings, replied, "No, thank ye; but, if it's all the same to you, I'll take a leetle more of that *i-intement*."

A Vermont farmer recommends the use of sawdust as a bedding for cattle, to keep them clean and absorb the liquid manure. An experience of twenty years in using on a large farm, shows that it does not injure the soil being freely applied in this way. Some soils, no doubt, would be improved by the addition of sawdust, others might be injured somewhat for a time until the sawdust decayed.

Barbara Freitchie.

There has been considerable controversy over this venerable dame, whom Whittier has immortalized in song, as "Bravest of all in Frederick Town." Some claim that she is a myth; that there was no such person in existence, and that the scenes which Whittier has so graphically described were only figments of the poet's fancy. That Barbara Freitchie lived, there is at present no question, and, also, that she was alive at the time Stonewall Jackson visited the City of Frederick is also proved beyond a doubt; but for the rest of the story, from all the facts I can gather, there seems no authority other than the poem. At the time when these events were claimed to have occurred, Dame Barbara was very old and very decrepit, so much so that she hobbled around with a large staff, and it is doubtful if she could have mounted the stairs to the attic for the purpose of waving the little silk flag which she kept carefully laid away in a bureau. That she had no great love for the Confederates, is shown in the curt speeches she is said to have made to some of them who happened to cross over the bridge and sat down on the piazza at the end of her house, which was at the end of the bridge, overhanging the creek. "Off with you!" she said, with many uncomplimentary personal allusions, and poked them with her staff. This, certainly was not very complimentary, and probably wasn't intended to soothe their feelings, as we learn that Barbara had that worst of female weapons, a "sharp tongue," and, though so very old, she knew how to use it, as her nephew, a secession sympathizer, could testify. Barbara used to speak of him as an "arrant knave," and whenever she drew her quarterly allowance, he always got a bit of advice not at all in keeping with his secesh proclivities. I am not inclined to consider as authentic the account of the shooting of the flag-staff, and of Dame Barbara's picking it up, first, because the rebel army did not enter Frederick City on the occasion named. They came down the Bonnaughstown road, toward the city, but turned off before reaching it, and took a road running in the other direction, so that they would have left Barbara's house behind them. Another reason is that we don't believe Stonewall Jackson would have ordered his troops to fire at a private house in that way, especially if Dame Freitchie was in sight, for it is established on good authority that he had great respect for aged women, and it was his special delight to engage them in conversation. Considerable romance has clustered around this venerable dame, and we should hesitate to detract an iota from the honors that cluster around her and make her famous. But let us not do injustice to the illustrious dead by giving credence to unworthy tales.

Barbara Freitchie's work is o'er,
And Jackson rides on his raids no more;
Honor to her, and let a tear
Fall for her sake on Stonewall's bier."

And not for her sake alone, but for his, for Stonewall Jackson was a remarkable man—certainly one of the most illustrious of our times. No more prominent character was developed by "our late unpleasantness." There are many who believe that had his life been spared through the war there might have been a different ending to the conflict. He could truly be said to be a host in himself, and it is doubtful if the loss of many thousand men would have crippled the Confederate army as did the loss of this one man. Certain it is that the next great battle between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia brought defeat to the latter, and they gained no more substantial victories. The battle of Gettysburg was the turning point of the war against the Confederates, and from that time their fortunes declined till they culminated in the fall of Richmond and Petersburg April 2, 1865.

A PRIVATE OF A MAINE REGIMENT.

A Novel Way for a Wife to Increase Her Allowance.

In England marriages between persons possessed of much property are often preceded by marriage settlements, in which an ample supply of pin money is secured to the wife. In this country it is customary to trust to the husband's affection, and, that failing, to the aid of the law which requires a husband to support his wife. It naturally follows that feminine art should be employed in pleasant devices to increase the sum when it is thought to be too small. These are often depicted in a humorous light by the writers of true stories of domestic life.

A very novel method of increasing a wife's allowance was recently made public in the course of a trial in one of our city courts.

A doctor sued an architect for professional services, and the architect disputed most of the charges. The defendant himself took the stand, and testified that when the doctor was first called to him, he had been knocked down by a blow with a glass bottle, which his wife had inflicted upon his head, and from the effects of which he lay for some time in a state of unconsciousness.

The funny part of the architect's testimony was what followed his account of this assault and battery. He said that previous to the blow he had been allowing his wife one hundred dollars a month. After the assault he increased the sum to one hundred and seventy-five!

Although the extraordinary measure resorted to in this instance proved successful, we certainly should not recommend its adoption by discontented married women in general. In another case it might be followed by very different consequences.

THE DEATH OF GEN. WOLF.—In a graphic and interesting sketch of the history of Quebec, which Mr. H. N. Fairbanks lately prepared for the Bangor (Me.) *Whig*, he thus retells briefly the story of the death of Gen. Wolf: "Support me," said Wolf to the officers near him; "do not let my brave soldiers see me fall. The day is ours; keep it." Water was brought from a well to quench his thirst. The charge was continued, when the officer upon whose shoulder the dying hero leaned, exclaimed, "They run!" "Who run?" asked the gallant Wolf with some emotion. The officer replied, "The enemy sir! they give way in every quarter." "What!" said he, "do they run already? Send word to Col. Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment down to St. Charles River to cut off the retreat of Montcalm from the bridge. Now God be praised—I die happy."

The Nihilists in New York.

The following communication was furnished to the New York *Herald* as a copy of one addressed to Mr. Pierre Kartchewsky, the Russian consul in that city:

C. C. R. R.

A nos amis, salut! a nos ennemis, le defi!

FIRST WARNING.

The Russian Revolutionary Committee, in special session assembled, has adopted the following resolution:

Whereas, Pierre Kartchewsky, consul general of the autocrat Alexander Nicolaijewitch, at New York, has uttered certain slanderous insinuations and base falsehoods in New York society against one of our most honored and trusted friends, a gentleman whose personal character and patriotic valor stand so far above that of this despot's hireling that it is superfluous to say a word in vindication—they have been tested both in the field of battle and diplomacy!

And Whereas, All this has been done in order to prejudice our just cause, and deprive us of the well-deserved sympathies of the humane and liberty-loving American people, in our desperate struggle for emancipation from a disgraceful and unworthy bondage, inconsistent with the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century;

Whereas, further, The above-named Pierre Kartchewsky has made himself particularly obnoxious to our order by transferring to this free soil the contemptible system of Romanoff espionage; now, therefore, be it resolved, "To forward to the above-named Pierre Kartchewsky the first warning, that should he persist in his infamous conduct the consequences will certainly be disastrous to him, as they have been to those who have disregarded our warnings."

The above-named resolution has been unanimously adopted, and the secretary is hereby instructed to forward copies of this resolution to those it may concern.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE.

A Monsieur le Prince Pierre de Kartchewsky, Consul General de Russie, New York.

Mr. Kartchewsky informed the reporter who called at his office that he had received the original notice, and was rather unable to account for it. "In regard to the second portion of the communication," said he, "I may say the Russian Government has agents in all the large cities of Europe, just as the German Government has, who report to their respective police departments of St. Petersburg and Berlin. These agents are quite distinct from the diplomatic branch of the Government.

"In New York there are no such Russian agents, probably because until lately the number of revolutionists here has been insignificant. These things are done so openly here that espionage is quite unnecessary. The Government makes no appropriation for work of that kind. I am frequently in receipt of letters the writers of which desire to know if such or such a person has ever been connected with the diplomatic service. They are generally from Americans, and I am compelled generally to reply in the negative, as the names furnished me are merely those which the individuals may desire to be known by in this country.

"I am obliged to reply to these letters somewhat blindly, and I think it is in some such way that I have been construed as traducing the character of one referred to in the first part of this letter. I only know of one person to whom the language used might possibly apply, and with him I am on excellent terms. I am not called upon to inquire into the standing which people who apply to me here have with the Government. I have helped many to situations who were unfriendly to the Government. I am not required to know what they do here. They come with passports from Russia, and having remained as long as they wish to, I indorse their passports without inquiry.

"I was consul in Roumania in 1867, just after the Polish revolution, and was surrounded by political refugees, yet my Government never called upon me for any secret service in regard to them. With such a load, diplomacy would be too laborious and dangerous. In the United States it would be especially distasteful, nor should I have accepted the appointment with such duties attached to it.

The second part of the 'first warning' appears to be added simply to complete the first. There were no grounds for it. It is the first intimation I have had of the existence of an organized body of revolutionists in New York. I presume they are organized, from the fact of the head line and motto being printed. You may say that I am in no hurry to receive warning No. 2," said Mr. Kartchewsky, laughing.

"WHAT DAY?"—The following story is told of a Methodist minister, named T. S. Day, who received an appointment on a circuit in a Western State:

On the first Sunday morning, he started from his domicile to the meeting-house, half a mile distant. The minister observed several boys playing in and about a pond of water, bathing, making "mud-pies," and indulging in divers other things incident to the recklessness of youth.

He advanced slowly towards the crowd, and addressing an intelligent-looking boy, bright as a prairie-flower, said,—

"Come here, my son."

The boy stepped up to him, and the others collected around.

"Do you know," said the minister, "what day this is?"

"Oh, yes!" they all shouted, "it is Mr. Day, our new Methodist minister."—*Youth's Companion.*

The empirical philosophers are like pismires; they only lay up and use their store. The rationalists are like the spiders; they spin it all out of their own bowels. But give me a philosopher who, like the bee, hath a middle faculty, gathering from abroad, but digesting that which is gathered by its own virtue.—*Lord Bacon.*

A DOUBTFUL HONOR.—Do not seek to be intrusted with your friend's secret; for no matter how faithfully you may keep it, you may be liable in a thousand contingencies to the suspicion of having betrayed it.

Tortoise shell and horn combs last much longer for having oil rubbed into them once in a while.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

The man who gits bit twice bi the same dog is better adapted to that kind ov bizzness than any other.

Old things are the best—old wine, old shees, and old cheeze, for instanse—and I will add to these (beg pardon) old phellows.

Adversity iz the only thing that kan show us the true from the false; prosperity makes them both look alike.

The ordinary brain succumbs to whiskey, but real genious kant be smothered bi whiskey; it may be destroyed, but gives up the ghost in the glare of a bonfire.

Mi earnest prayer iz, and I hope always will be, save me from ingratitude and hipokrasy.

The very best possible condishun that 9 tenths ov the world kan be placed in iz to hav plenty to eat and plenty to do.

A man ov mere talent iz a phool to work for fame, he should git hiz pay in money az he goes along; the man ov genius kan name hiz price in glory, and oblige futurity to settle with him.

Man iz a kurious kritter, nothing will diskourage and disgust him more than to giv him all he asks for.

What iz worth doing at all iz, no doubt, worth doing well, but i hav seen lots ov things spilte bi trieing to do them too mutch.

The man who don't kno how to do a thing himself, and won't learn from others, makes himself a phool without remidy.

Truth iz like the sun, tho it sinks out ov sight, it allwuss rizes agin with a nu splendor.

Gratitude iz ov the noblest, and also one ov the rarerest pashuns or sentiments ov the heart.

If thare iz such a thing az good luk, the phools in this world git the largest share ov it.

Poverty iz no kure for extravaganse; a pauper had rather hav one feast than 3 square meals.

Frugality and industry makes a nation; indolence and luxury ruins it.

Envy and superstishun are ever the companyuns ov ignoranse.

Cunning begins by cheating others, and alwuss ends by cheating itself.

Grate welth iz a grate kurse; it makes more trubble than happiness for us while here, and if we could take it with us when we die, it would often be the worst witness we could have at the judgement seat.

Charity, whoze author iz unknown, iz like manna from heaven.

The multitude praze those who are at the top ov the ladder, without asking how they got there.

Uncivilized people are all alike; their pashuns are alike, they even all look alike.

First impreshuns are alwuss the strongest, but not alwuss the truest. The best judges ov karakter are thoze who take every man to be honest until they kan prove him guilty.

Enuff iz happiness, but we have no standard to meazure the quantity.

I am not certain whether the good or evil a man duz unintentionally kounts or not, but they may offset each other; who kan tell?

All that i kno about good luk or bad luk iz this—our good luk we attribute to our shrewdness, our bad luk we charge over to sumboddy's else ackount.

The man who iz anxious on all ockashums to tell all he knows, iz pretty sure not to know all he tells.

The only real safe advice to follow iz that kind which strengthens our own opinyuns.

If yu lend money to a spendthrift, the chances are that yu will loze the principal, and git nothing but abuse for the interest.

He who learns bi the experience ov others, and never lets others learn by hiz, iz just about az shrewd az men ever git to be in this world.

Horses are ticklish property; I should az soon think ov picking out a sound deakon bi looking at him, az a sound horse—yu have got to take them both on trial, and pray for good luk besides.

We all pray for long life, but a short one iz the safest.

The man whom prosperity makes proud, adversity will make insolent.

Every one expekts to be remembered after they are dead, but very few kan truly tell for what.

Flattery iz an evidence ov a craven spirit; we never flatter thoze whom we respekt.

Yung man, watch yure opportunity, and, when yu see it, lay violent hands on it; it iz sure to cum once, and may not cum the seckond time.

I allwuss notiss that thoze yung wimmin who are afrade that every yung fellow who cums near them iz a going to steal them, and run away with them, and brake their parient's harte, seldum suckceed in gitting kaught.

Egg-Eating Hens.

The quickest and most effectual method of cure is to watch your flock until you detect the guilty ones, then catch them and cut their heads off. Another method is to confine them in a coop by themselves for a month or more, and give one feed each day of raw meat chopped fine, and keep plenty of crushed oyster shells by them. Have two or three nest eggs of something that will not break, in the coop all the time. The hens will try to eat these eggs, but finding all attempts to break them in vain they will finally give it up. The meat and oyster shells will satisfy the craving for animal food and lime, and a month or six weeks of confinement and porcelain eggs will effect a cure. I used to be troubled with egg-eaters among my flock, and cured several by this method, but should not try it again unless the hens were very valuable.

There are several ways by which hens learn to eat their eggs. In cold weather eggs are left in the nest until they freeze and crack open, the hens peck at the cracks and soon learn that eggs are good to eat. Egg-shells are thrown to the hens and they devour them greedily for the sake of the lime, and soon learn to peck at the whole eggs. From lack of shell-forming ingredients in their food, hens frequently lay soft-shelled eggs, or eggs without any shells, and as they doubtless feel ashamed of their unfinished work, devour it to get it out of sight.

The preventives are obvious. Give your hens plenty of lime in some shape—crushed oyster-shells, burnt bones or old plaster, and always use porcelain nest-eggs. As soon as an egg-eater is discovered she should be killed at once, or removed from the other fowls until a cure is effected. One egg-eating hen will soon corrupt the morals of the entire flock.—*Fanny Field, in Prairie Farmer.*

The Cattle Disease.

The British Orders in Council which went into effect March 3 have put a stop temporarily to the new and rapidly growing business of exporting live cattle from America to England. The United States with her more than 40,000,000 head of cattle can spare from her ample resources as many as 1,000,000 head yearly for export. The business bade fair last fall to attain these proportions at an early day. It has now been checked by the obstructions thrown in the way of our exporters by the British Government. This action on the part of England seems peculiarly ungrateful, considering that the contagious pleuro-pneumonia in the United States, which is the cause of it, was imported into this country from England, in the systems of cattle palmed off upon our dairymen by unscrupulous English exporters. However, there is no help for it now. The damage is done and the business has been checked. There appears to be no way to restore the business except by securing a repeal of the British orders, and there is no way to do that except to abolish the cattle plague from American soil.

That the cattle plague exists in our territory to-day is in part the fault of our own citizens. It is well known that contagious pleuro-pneumonia has prevailed on Long Island since 1843, and in New Jersey since 1849. This covers a period of thirty-six years. It has been well known that individual farmers were losing from $1,000 to $10,000 worth of stock from its ravages. The attention of the agricultural public has been repeatedly called to the subject through the columns of the *Weekly Tribune*. Professor Law, an authority on this subject, has warned farmers and agricultural societies, by voice and pen, for years, that a malady was prevalent in this country, which has cost England the sum of $500,000,000 since 1842, and which might easily cost the United States several times that sum, should the malady extend to the West. In Massachusetts and Connecticut the warning has been heeded, and those States have stamped out the contagion several times from their borders; but the great State of New York and her sisters to the westward have allowed the plague to flourish absolutely unchecked until the present year. An admirable law was enacted at Albany, in 1878, in consequence of the exhortations of Professor Law, which was a step in the right direction, but the law was not called into operation until the publication of the British Orders in Council last February. The fact that the contagion prevails to-day for 350 miles along the Atlantic coast, and in places as much as 300 miles inland, is due as much to the apathy of our own people as to any other cause.

Considering that much fine stock has been sent in different years from New York and New Jersey to the dairy States of the West, it is a marvel that there has yet been no outbreak of this disease in that region. The West has escaped so far, and is to be congratulated thereupon. But how long will it enjoy this immunity? A single train of freight cars infected by the transportation of a few sick cows somewhere in the East would be sufficient to carry the contagion throughout the West. The disease is spread by causes so simple as that. Should it once reach the great herds we might never be rid of it.

The time appears to have come when there should cease to be any trifling with this plague. The safety of the West and the restoration of entire freedom to the export trade in live cattle demand that the contagion be confined to the six or seven coast States in which it now exists, and that it there be attacked in a manner calculated to stamp it out speedily. In New York and New Jersey everything is being done that can be desired. But what are Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia doing, and what is Congress doing to aid the poorer of these commonwealths to wage adequate war on this pest?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Curious Animal Aversions.

Some time ago, in company with some of my relatives and friends, I paid a visit to the Zoological Gardens at Clifton.

One lady of the party, Mrs. M——, had traveled with her husband in foreign countries, and expressed herself very fearless about wild beasts. Before entering the monkey house, she informed us there was one monkey who had taken a great dislike to her, and however long a period elapsed between her visits, its recognition of her was almost instantaneous. The house in which the monkeys were confined, had cages round the wall, and a huge one in the center, in which were a number of all sizes and shades. We entered on the tiptoe of expectation to see if this time it would recognize her. We were not long in determining which was the enemy. One of the monkeys jumped from its perch and clung to the bars nearest to us, whining and grinning in a frightful manner. Whichever side of the cage we stood the monkey followed, all the time closely watching Mrs. M——, who had with her ginger snaps and nuts, with which she proceeded to feed the other monkeys. Seeing this, Mrs. M——'s enemy sprang upon them, seized the food, and threw it back angrily in her face, chattering and screaming in great fury; and I am not sure if it was not the same monkey that succeeded in tearing off some deep lace Mrs. M—— wore round her mantle, and climbing on to the upper perch, commenced tearing it in pieces. I was not sorry when we left the ugly, grinning face and screeching voice behind us and paid a visit to the lion and tiger house.

A SHOWER OF POLLEN.—An uncommonly heavy fall of pollen occurred in the Lehigh Valley of Pennsylvania, March 16th, in connection with snow. As usual, the circumstance was widely telegraphed as a shower of sulphur—a fair illustration of the persistence of error in the popular mind. Not a year passes without one, perhaps many, such falls of pollen in various parts of the country; and every year the mistake of calling it sulphur is corrected by the more intelligent newspapers; but the delusion will not down. Under the microscope the yellow dust which fell in such abundance at Allentown and Reading proved to be the pollen of the Southern pine, probably brought by the storm from the pine forests of Virginia, perhaps the Carolinas or Georgia. The blossoms of the Pennsylvania pines were probably not far enough advanced at that date to furnish the quantity of pollen observed. These minute particles are carried by the wind sometimes hundreds of miles.

Woman's Love.

A woman's love is of man's life
The dearest, brightest part;
It soothes him in his hours of strife,
And cheers his lonely heart.

And blest is he who back repays
Affection's smiles and tears;
For woman's love shall gild his days,
And smooth the lapse of years.

A woman's love is like the rose—
By every tempest shaken;
If nourished, it still blooms and grows,
But withers if forsaken.

Then blest is he by whom 'tis nursed—
By God 'twas made and given;
There is no richer boon on earth
Than woman's love—'tis heaven!

—*Washington Republican.*

Forgiven.

BY LOU.

I stood beside the window, and looked out seaward. The night was fair and radiant; the horizon glittered like a line of silver in the moonlight; a few white sails showed dim and ghastly in the far blue distance; the waves broke in deep and passionate murmurs on the white sands of the beach, and as they rolled so majestically toward me, and, bursting, dashed their spray far up on the side of a rock, they seemed like so many white war horses chasing each other in mad career.

Down on the beach two persons paced up and down, followed, in the moonlight, by two long and ghostly shadows. I shuddered, wondering if there was not a shadow over their hearts. I knew well enough who they were. That woman in the white dress, which floated about her in cloud-like airiness, and whose hair was like a veil of yellow sunshine about her face, was the one woman in all the world to me. And the man, with a tall and stately figure full of suppleness and grace, and the face, dark, handsome, passionate, was the man I hated most of all men.

A month ago he had come to Seaview, at my own invitation. I had never seen him before. When we made out our list of invitations for the summer, Carrie insisted on inviting Beverly Aubrey. I, who was always pleased to acquiesce in anything my wife proposed, willingly agreed to her proposition, and Beverly Aubrey was asked to spend a few weeks with us."

"I suppose you knew that your wife and I were lovers once," he said, one morning after his arrival.

"No, I was not aware of any such thing," I answered, coldly.

"Ah! She never told you? Strange!"

His dark evil eyes were upon my face. I felt them, though I did not look up.

"Yes," he went on, "we were lovers not so very long ago. I don't know exactly what came between us. You won't be jealous, I hope, if I am with her a great deal?" he said, with a smile curling about his lips.

"You are a gentleman, I trust," I answered. "I am not afraid to trust my wife with any gentleman."

"Ah!"

His tone was so insolent that I wanted to knock him down. I knew that he thought me a weak man, and had that sort of contempt for me that men of exuberant health and vitality have for those who are lacking in strength and health.

From the first, he was much with Carrie. I thought I was sure of her love, and that no danger could come of their being much together. I did not believe him to be base and cowardly enough to try to win my wife from her allegiance to me.

But as the days wore on into weeks I found I had erred in my judgment of the man. As the days went slowly by I awoke to a terrible truth. My wife was fascinated by his wiles; she was like a bird in the spell of a serpent. Beneath his evil glance she was powerless to resist him.

I was too proud to seek to keep the love she should have given to me alone when I found that she cared more for him than she had any right to. I held myself aloof, saying that I wanted no love that could waver as hers did. Sometimes I was half crazed with pain and trouble. I did love her, though I never sought to keep her heart faithful to me. I had loved her from the first as I could never love another woman, and a love so deep and strong as mine could not be easily broken or thrust aside.

I questioned myself as to what to do. I could only feel that the sunshine was slipping out of my life, and I was too proud to stretch out my hand and endeavor to keep it back.

As I stood there in the white radiance of the summer moonlight, the thought came to me that the end was not far off. They came up the path slowly, his scintillant eyes upon her face, holding her entranced, spell-bound, fascinated. They came into the parlor, and he begged for music.

"Sing 'Long, Long Ago,'" he said to Carrie. "We used to sing that together, you know. I haven't heard it since."

"If you will help me," she said to him, seating herself at the piano, "I will try."

"I have not sung half-a-dozen times since that summer," he answered, and took his place beside her.

It was a simple little song, but he put a world of pathos into it. As he sang, he let his eyes wander to Carrie's face. As if obeying some impulse that she could not resist, she lifted her eyes to his, and a swift wave of color drifted into her cheeks; and then she dropped her eyes to the keys again, and did not lift them till the song was done.

I cannot tell much about the next few hours. I remember the breaking daylight, cold, dreary, gray and dismal. I remember seeing a folded paper thrust inside my door, and on opening it I read a few short words; but in them lay a world of bitterness. Carrie had gone away from me. She had found out her mistake in marrying me when it was too late; had found out that she loved another more than she could ever hope to love me; and she was going away with him. Perhaps it was wrong and sinful; but she acted from the impulse of the heart, and the world might judge her as it saw fit. Loving another as she loved Beverly Aubrey, life with me would be one long misery. She asked me to forgive her, saying that she had nothing but kindness to remember of me, and that was all.

Only a few short words, but they were like a dirge over the beautiful hopes and dreams that were that moment lying dead at my feet.

I went about four hours in a kind of bewildered way, as one who gropes in darkness. Henceforth the sun might shine for others, but never again for me. For me there were only shadows in the years to be. I wondered if they would be long and many. Long I knew they would be, with such a memory as was mine to drag through them.

The morning faded out in a gray radiance into the warm brightness of a sunny afternoon. I sat alone, looking out to sea, when I heard wheels upon the avenue.

A carriage had stopped before the door, and two men were lifting out something long and slender, covered with a black cloth. I started with a strange shudder running through my nerves. What was it that the black cloth hid away beneath its dreary folds?

I went down, and met the men and their burden in the hall. One of them handed me a paper as they laid that awfully suggestive shape down.

I opened the paper and read—

"HARRY:—I am dying. God has saved me on the brink of an awful sin. I see it all now. Death is near by, and I can look at things as they are. Oh, my husband, I love you! I can say it truly. With death so near, how can I be false? The spell Beverly Aubrey threw over me is gone. I was fascinated, and his strong and evil will held me in his power. Standing by my side, when I am dead, say that you forgive me, and I shall hear you."

Only a few short words, but oh! so precious—so unspeakably sweet to me.

I folded back the cloth from my dead wife's face, and knelt beside her.

"Carrie," I said, kissing her still lips, "I forgive you. Do you hear me?"

Was it fancy, or did a smile steal over her face, like moonlight over snow?

"I forgive you," I said, softly. "You are mine, all mine, now. No one can come between us again, darling."

I thought something whispered, "Never more." Perhaps it was one of those foolish fancies of mine. But this I do know; over there, and forgiven, Carrie is waiting—mine!—*Waverley Magazine.*

Good-Night, Papa.

The words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs, "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening, as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa," and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer went up, for, strange to say, this man who loved his child with all the warmth of his great noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love! With unutterable tenderness God saw there was no other way; this father was dear to Him, the purchase of His Son; He could not see him perish, and, calling a swift messenger, He said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the babe?"—a silvery plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's heart, as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling;" but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light."

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?"

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the mother as she took the small hand. Another kiss and the father turned away; but his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung; but Jessie was restless and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma;" and the mother told of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide open eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth—Jessie was smitten with the fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easy said; but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the messenger was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good-night, papa;" and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

"O God, spare her! I cannot, cannot bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart. "A light case!" the doctor says, "Pet will soon be well."

Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried, "Spare her, O God! spare my child, and I will follow Thee."

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't say good-night, papa—in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots with the print of her feet just as she had last worn them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa, Jessie see you in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call.

Opening and Closing Meeting.

Two amusing anecdotes of opening and closing meeting are told by the *Ray*, of New Milford, Conn.

A few years ago, there lived on the line of the Housatonic road in Massachusetts, a little boy who was only five or six years old, but who was a natural preacher. So much talent in that direction did he possess, that his friends often put him on a table and listened to his discourses.

One day he was "preaching" with great power, becoming unusually animated, and swinging his little arms in the manner of older ones, when something about the platform on which he stood gave way, and down to the floor the little fellow went, head first.

He was considerably hurt, but controlling himself for a moment, he arose, and resuming his place, with great gravity, he said—

"People, meetin's out;" and then, able to control himself no longer, he let forth the floods of his anguish until the whole neighborhood heard his childish cry.

Uncle David Wooster, of Union City, having been permanently lamed when he was comparatively a young man, had not been able to mix very much with society. He would, however, manage to get out to a political or school-district meeting occasionally.

One evening he was attending one of the latter gatherings, when some one present moved that Uncle David should open the meeting. The old gentleman hardly knew what it was necessary to do in order to open the meeting, so he hesitated.

His hesitation being taken for diffidence, there was a very general demand that he should perform the task.

Thinking that it would be impolite to decline such a general demand, he hobbled up to the desk, put down his cane very deliberately, put on his glasses, ahemmed a few times to gain time, while all the time he was trying to think how the thing should be done, and finally, as though the thought had come suddenly to him, he raised his head, looked at the audience, and in a bold tone, said, "Meetin', come open!"

Frequent Causes of Disease in Pigs.

The diseases which affect these animals generally originate from their being kept in loathsome and uncomfortable situations, inhaling the most infectious exhalations, and being at one time stinted with food, and at another fed to the extreme. The hog, although wallowing in the filthiest mire, and sometimes feeding upon the most disgusting kind of food, both animal and vegetable, and often when in a decomposed state, does not always do so with impunity. We are convinced that many animals of this class are annually lost from the effects of improper food, or from living in an atmosphere surcharged with poisonous effluvia, the product of animal or vegetable decomposition; and we think that owners of pigs often make great mistakes in not paying more attention to the quality of their food and the condition of their lodgings. Decomposing substances both animal and vegetable, grain that has undergone a change from long keeping or exposure to damp, and which is loaded, perhaps, with the sporules of poisonous fungi, brine from the meat tub, these and other similar substances are often given to pigs as food, and in many instances have been known to cause great losses. Much that we have seen convinces us of the necessity of more attention being paid to the quality of the food of these animals than is generally being done, and also to the nature of their lodgings, as well as the air they breathe. As a rule, we believe that old and strong hogs are not so easily affected by improper food as young ones, and we have sometimes known sows to appear in perfect health when suckling their pigs, but yet to have their milk so altered in quality from the effects of bad food as to destroy the pigs.—*Farmer's Magazine.*

Rules for the Care of Sheep.

Keep the sheep dry under foot with litter; it is even more necessary than roofing them. Never let them stand or lie in mud or snow.

Take the lamb bucks early in summer, and keep them up until December, when they may be turned out.

Remove the lower bars as the sheep enter or leave a yard, thus avoiding broken limbs. Count them every day.

Begin graining with the greatest care, and use the smallest quantity first.

If a ewe loses a lamb, milk daily a few days, and mix a little alum with her salt. Let no hogs eat with sheep in spring.

In weaning lambs use a little mill feed.

Never frighten sheep if you can avoid it.

Sow rye for weak ones in cold weather.

In the fall separate the weak, thin or sick from the strong and give extra care.

If one is hurt, catch at once, wash the wound; if in fly time apply spirits turpentine daily; always wash with something healing. Splinter broken limbs tightly, loosening as the limb swells.

Keep a number of good bells on them.

Don't let them spoil wool with burrs. Cut tag locks in early spring.

For scours give pulverized alum in wheat bran. Prevent by taking great care in changing dry for green feed.

If lame, examine feet, clean out hoofs, pare hoof, if unsound, and apply tobacco boiled with blue vitriol, in a little water.

If the weather is not too cold, shear at once sheep beginning to shed, and carefully save pelts of those that die.

Have some good book on sheep to refer to. It will put money in thy purse.

Professor J. D. Dana publishes a paper of the Hudson river age of the taconic schist, and concludes that the schists are of the age of the Hudson river group; that the conformability in the rocks between the eastern of the Connecticut belts and the Hudson being established by observation, the five limestone belts are plainly but five outcropping bands of the lower silurian limestone formations brought to the surface by a series of flexures, and that the disturbance which upturned and crystallized the limestone and other conformable formations in the Green mountain area, through Vermont and Massachusetts, extended south over certainly a large part of western Connecticut, and over eastern New York at least to the Hudson.

The Greatest "Factor" of the Age,—The Malefactor.

The Author of "John Halifax."

She was obliged to write for her daily bread, and, that she might forget how miserable she was, she wrote a great deal. Of course, with all this practice and with her vast experience in sorrow, for her pen was one actually dipped in tears, she wrote better and better, till finally this retiring, grief-stricken woman awoke to find herself famous. Her first novel, The Ogilvies, was very successful, and was published in 1849 when Miss Mulock was only 23, but her great masterpiece, John Halifax Gentleman, did not appear until 1857. In 1864 a pension of sixty pounds a year was awarded Miss Mulock.

All this fame and unqualified success doubtless assuaged her grief and helped to make life endurable, but to one with such a loving heart and such quick sympathies, bereft of a home and without a relation, her life was still very sad and lonely. But in 1865, Captain George Lillie Craik, an officer in the English army, who had been in the Crimea, met Miss Mulock, and although some years her junior, addressed her and succeeeded in winning her hand. They have proved most congenial companions, and their married life has been all that they could wish, but with one exception. This woman whose love for children amounts almost to a passion, who wrote Philip My King, has been denied the happiness of feeling baby fingers upon her cheeks or ever hearing herself called mother. This is a severe sorrow, but even this pain has been partially assuaged. Strangely enough, one dark, rainy night, while she and her husband were speaking of children and of the joy and brightness they bring to so many dwellings, there came a ring at the bell and then a furious knocking. On opening the door, lying upon the sill, they found a basket enclosed in many wrappings. When they were removed they discovered a lovely little baby only a few hours old. The child was wrapped in one roll after another of India muslin, and on its breast was pinned a note begging Mrs. Craik to be kind to the little waif thus brought to her door, and assuring her that no mean blood flowed in its veins. Tenderly she lifted the little thing in her loving arms, and her heart opened as warmly to take in the poor, little, deserted creature. They called the child Dorothea, God-given, and she is now their legally adopted daughter whom no one can take from them, not even the parents who so cruelly deserted her. The little girl is tenderly attached to the only mother and father she has ever known.

Mrs. Craik's happy home is in the vicinity of Richmond. Let us hope that she has left her sorrows all behind her, and that while she lives no pain or grief shall ever again cross her path.—*Christian Union.*

A Big Irishman.

The Emerald Isle has long been famous for producing giants. The most celebrated of these was the well-known O'Brien, whom we first hear of as a great, raw youth, crying in a public house because unable to pay a bill, having been left penniless through a quarrel with his exhibitor. A gentleman, taking compassion on him, paid his debt, and advised the young giant to set up on his own account. Acting on this recommendation, O'Brien started a public house in Bristol, long known by the sign of the Giant's Castle. A memorial tablet in Trenchard-street Roman Catholic chapel records his stature as having been eight feet three inches. He was very anxious that his remains should not fall into the hands of the anatomists, and gave directions for securing his grave against desecration from body-snatchers. It has, however, been disputed whether the giant's bones still rest in his grave, or form one of the curiosities of the Hunterian museum, though we believe that they still lie undisturbed in a deep sunk grave. Poor O'Brien had to take his constitutionals under cover of darkness to avoid being mobbed by the curious, and like most big fellows proved himself a simple and inoffensive man; though once he inadvertently terrified a watchman almost to death by lighting his pipe at a street lamp, the sudden appearance of which strange apparition threw the watchman into a fit. His colossal proportions once saved the giant from being robbed, the highwayman who stopped his carriage riding away in terror at the sight of O'Brien's huge face thrust through the window to see what was the matter.

John Newton and His Bible.

The Rev. John Newton, the hymn-writer, who was minister of St. Mary Woolnoth in London, spent the former part of his life at sea. He was, as he tells us himself, a great sinner. From his youth up he had often had convictions, but never deeply felt his danger till on the homeward voyage he was brought into such a condition that his life hung in doubt before him. From the state in which the vessel was, every hour seemed as if it would be the last. The supposed nearness of eternity filled his mind with solemn dread. To die happily, he felt he had a need, a great need, he knew not of what. Filled with trouble, he remembered that his mother was a great reader of the Bible and that she often spoke with delight of what she found in it. He remembered also that she had given him a Bible when he went to sea, with entreaties that he would often read it. He thought he must still have the Bible somewhere, but he could hardly be certain. Down he went to his chest, and at the very bottom of it found his mother's kind but long-neglected gift. He opened it with eagerness, and the first words that caught his eye were these: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" It came home to his conscience that it was the Holy Spirit that he wanted. He resolved to cry earnestly for this gift. He did cry, and was heard and answered.

Fruit-growing and farming should go hand in hand. Both can be carried on with profit on the same plantation. It is indeed poor economy to attend to one interest to the neglect of the other. There are numerous places upon every farm which a fruit tree exactly fits, though, for that matter, we never saw one out of place anywhere. Space being all utilized, expenses are reduced to the lowest limit, and a respectable income is virtually assured. A farm without fruit is of little comparative value.

Hens do much better when allowed a free range outdoors than when confined.

Bismarck.

In the eyes of the multitude, Bismarck is a great but unscrupulous statesman, intent upon uniting Germany and making it the leading nation of Europe. As a man, he seems hard-headed, self-willed, and iron-handed. As a ruler, he is looked upon as the incarnation of the despotic spirit, a believer in force, an infidel as to moral suasion.

Many persons who sympathize with his policy censure the means by which he executes it. They do not consider that so long as that policy is threatened from within and without, the Chancellor must trust in force; nor do they read the lesson of the centuries, *Force* must rule until *Right* reigns.

The fact is not apprehended by the unthinking multitude, that the work of grafting a statesman's policy into the organic life of a nation, requires, like grafting a fruit-tree, excision, incision, pressure and time.

But it is not of Bismarck's policy we would write, but of that which few credit him with possessing—his religious belief. Strange as it may seem to those who know only the Chancellor, Bismarck is not only a religious man, but his religion is the foundation of his policy.

Dr. Busch, one of the statesman's secretaries, in a recent book, "Bismarck in the Franco-German War," narrates incidents, and reports private conversations which justify this assertion.

On the eve of his leaving Berlin to join the army, the Chancellor partook of the Lord's Supper. The solemn rite was celebrated in his own room, that it might not appear as an exhibition of official piety.

One morning, Bismarck was called suddenly from his bed to see a French general. Dr. Busch, on entering the bedroom, just after the chief had left it, found everything in disorder. On the floor was a book of devotion, "Daily Watchwords and Texts of the Moravian Brethren for 1870." On the table by the bed was another, "Daily Refreshment for Believing Christians."

"The Chancellor reads in them every night," said Bismarck's valet to Dr. Busch, seeing his surprise.

One day, while dining with his staff, several of whom were "free-thinkers," Bismarck turned the conversation into a serious vein. A secretary had spoken of the feeling of duty which pervaded the German army, from the private to the general.

Bismarck caught the idea and tossed it still higher. "The feeling of duty," he said, "in a man who submits to be shot dead on his post, alone, in the dark, is due to what is left of belief in our people. He knows that there is Some One who sees him when the lieutenant does not see him."

"Do you believe, Your Excellency," asked a secretary, "that they really reflect on this?"

"Reflect?—no; it is a feeling, a tone, an instinct. If they reflect, they lose it. Then they talk themselves out of it."

"How," Bismarck continued, "without faith in a revealed religion, in a God who wills what is good, in a Supreme Judge, and in a future life, men can live together harmoniously, each doing his duty and letting every one else do his, I do not understand."

There was a pause in the conversation, and the Chancellor then gave expression to his faith.

"If I were no longer a Christian," he said, "I would not remain for an hour at my post. If I could not count upon my God, assuredly I should not do so on earthly masters.

"Why should I," he continued, "disturb myself and work uncessingly in this world, exposing myself to all sorts of vexations, if I had not the feeling that I must do my duty for God's sake? If I did not believe in a Divine order, which has destined this German nation for something good and great, I would at once give up the business of a diplomatist. Orders and titles have no charm for me."

There was another pause, for the staff were silent before this revelation of their chief's inner life. He continued to lay bare the foundations of his statesmanship.

"I owe the firmness which I have shown for ten years against all possible absurdities only to my decided faith. Take from me this faith, and you take from me my Fatherland. If I were not a believing Christian, if I had not the supernatural basis of religion, you would not have had such a Chancellor."

"I delight in country life, in the woods and in nature," he said, in closing the conversation. "Take from me my relation to God, and I am the man who will pack up to-morrow and be off to Varzin [his farm] to grow my oats."

The surprise with which these revelations of a statesman's inner life are read, is due to their singularity. Neither history nor biography is so full of instances of statesmen confessing their faith in God, and in Christianity, at a dinner-table surrounded by "free-thinkers," as to prevent the reading of these revelations from being both interesting and stimulating.

"I live among heathen," said the Chancellor, as he concluded this acknowledgment that his religion was the basis of his statesmanship. "I don't seek to make proselytes, but I am obliged to confess my faith."—*Youth's Companion.*

A GOOD LAWN.—No greater fallacy exists than the idea that spading is better than plowing of an equal depth. No tilth can be better than that given by the plow, followed by frequent and continual applications of the harrow. Leveling with the spade can then be executed in the most perfect manner, and the finishing touch can then be given by a light cross-plowing and harrowing. Seed should be always liberally applied; and, instead of the various lawn-grass mixtures, we believe in the use of simple red-top seed, together with a very little white clover; and when it is thus applied (during quiet hours of the day that it may fall evenly), two or three years should suffice to grow a thick, velvety turf. Weeds are the great enemies of good turf, and every lawn should be kept as free from these pests as a flower-garden. The employment of good artificial fertilizers greatly helps to secure permanent freedom from weeds, since foul seeds cannot very well lurk in them.—*Samuel Parsons, Jr., in Scribner.*

In Greenland the women paint their faces blue and yellow. In America they paint them red and white. That's the difference.

Omaha is agitating the question of water-works.

Scenes in South America.

Lima is painted by those who visited it in the last century, when it was yet slumbering under the Spanish rule, as one of the fairest of cities. Its climate was soft and balmy as the breath of an Arabian paradise. No snows, no ice, nor any chilling cold ever visited its people. Rain never fell there, but instead a gentle fog ascended every day and hung like a veil between the tropic sun and the dewy earth, and thus sheltered beneath the friendly cloud, the people seldom felt more than a temperate heat. It was only at rare intervals, when the fog was dissipated, that the climate was excessively hot; and only when a wandering blast escaped from the frozen tops of the Andes and came down to the seashore, that it showed a trace of northern cold. "It was a terrestrial paradise," said an observer, "except for the earthquakes." Seated in the midst of gardens, orchards and groves of orange trees, Lima looked upon a landscape of wonderful fertility. It was on a plain about six miles from the sea. The trees around it teemed with tropical fruits and flowers; the heavy dews and the sheltering fogs kept the country perpetually green; the earth poured forth profusely all that its people required; and the rich plantations of the rural districts were managed with singular success. None of the choicest gifts of nature were wanting to happy Peru.

The city was built with broad, straight streets, and had been laid out with taste and care. It was the most splendid city in South America. Here was the palace of the Viceroy of all the Spanish possessions, who ruled with an almost unrestricted sway over his South American subjects. Lima was therefore the center to which flowed all the wealth, the beauty and the fashion of the land. It was rich with the spoils of the Incas and with the product of the mines of Peru. Its plaza was adorned by the magnificent palace of the Viceroy, by a cathedral of rare splendor, whose towers rose high in the air, as if defiant of the earthquakes; by a fountain supported by brazen lions, and a range of public buildings unsurpassed in the capitals of Europe. The churches shone with golden ornaments and glittered with gems; and so devout and so penitent were the Peruvians that nearly one-quarter of the city was given up to convents and monasteries.

Never was there a gayer people. Their houses were low, adobe buildings, of great extent, built round a court filled with tropical flowers. Here the dance went on incessantly in the soft evenings that were never unpropitious; the fair Peruvians, dressed with a magnificence of lace and silk, besides diamonds and rare jewels that often proved the ruin of their lovers and husbands; divorce was common at Lima, produced, perhaps, by the extravagance of the fair; and notwithstanding that divorced persons frequently married again, a hospital was built for divorced women. In fact, the moral tone of Lima does not seem to have been high. The priests were gay; the nuns not free from levity; but the processions, the music, and the figures of the Virgin arrayed in cloth of gold and bright with gems, the pomp of the churches, the glory of the Roman ritual, made Lima one of the most pious of cities. Besides, the Holy Inquisition flourished with great luxuriance in the capital, and within its grand offices, its secret charges, its sudden arrests, the ready torture flowed on incessantly in a tranquil stream, and no heretic of native blood escaped the dungeon, the rack and the Auto da Fe. It was plain that Lima was a most devout city.

A road about six miles long ran down to Callao, the port of Lima. Callao was seated on the low shore, not raised far above the level of the sea. It was a gay and busy town of about five thousand inhabitants. Its harbor was excellent, but the sea was so calm and gentle that a harbor was scarcely required. No storms nor gusts disturbed the still Pacific, and the languid waves scarcely rippled against the shore. Along the sea run a low range of stone bastions sufficient to repel the attack of wandering cruisers; in front was the roadstead where the ships lay at anchor; and behind the ramparts spread out the town, rising on a gentle slope, and gay with palaces and churches. The road that ran back to Lima was surrounded by gardens and villas, and usually filled with gay muleteers and the wealthier citizens of the capital driving in their calashes drawn by mules.

Such was Lima and Callao in October, 1746. Earthquakes had come, gone and been forgotten. The people of Lima had built their tall churches, their beautiful towers and lofty palaces as if all were secure, and the people of Callao slept by the side of their tranquil sea as if they could rest on its bosom forever. It was the night of October 28th, at half past ten o'clock, when all the city was asleep. A shock awakened it. Fortunately the people sprang into the streets. Four minutes served to shake Lima to the ground—not twenty houses out of three thousand were left standing. The whole city crumbled into dust; the convents and monasteries, the church tower and the churches, the pleasant adobe houses—all formed a heap of ruins, beneath which might be heard the groans of the dying, the cry for help, the agony of woe. The loss of life was not excessive, but nearly a thousand persons were dead, and the horrors of that dreadful night were increased by a succession of shocks that shook down what the first had spared. Many were crushed in the ruins of their houses, others were struck down as they fled through the streets, and the survivors watched wearily through the long night for the coming dawn.

Suddenly their horror was doubled by the intelligence from the port. Callao was now only a bank of sand. The peaceful sea which had slept so tranquilly at its side had risen in a vast tidal wave, swept over the city and carried its whole population back into the deep. The ships in the harbor were borne over the town to the dry land, and as they passed they were surrounded by multitudes of floating people, and heard the shrieks of the great throng as it sank under the waters. Some few escaped. In the morning scarcely a trace remained of Callao. Wave following wave had blotted it from existence. A heap of sand only marked the place where its ramparts and palaces once stood; and the new Callao which was afterwards built was placed on a fresh site, away from the memories of its predecessor.—*Golden Era.*

What is most generally wanted in the way of navigation is a life-boat that will ride safely on a sea of troubles.

Fashion Sprays.

Rosewood is taking the place of black walnut in furniture.

Almost any kind of large bib or collar is fashionable with dark dresses.

"Chapeau dessert" is the Parisian name for the hats decorated with berries.

Untrimmed round skirts, with little or no trimming, are preferred for traveling use.

Transparent colored curtains of Madras cloth are pretty for summer and are very cool looking.

Worth drapes wide sashes straight around the hips of many of his customers, fastening them with large fancy buckles on one hip.

A pretty way to trim fichus or mantelets with lace, is to quill three rows on a foundation of black net, and sew it on the edge like fringe.

Some new waists are not only laced at the back, but have vests of lace set in in front, over which the waist seems laced with flat galloon.

Summer costumes are trimmed with contrasting colors; plain materials are trimmed with brocade; and brocade with plain velvet or satin.

Fans are made of chintz to match dresses, and the chatelaine by which they hang is of the same ribbon as the bows worn elsewhere on the costume.

Bonnets for traveling are much more simple than those for walking purposes. Neither feathers nor frail ornaments are employed, but strong bows, birds' wings and gauze scarfs around the crown are preferred.

Crape—the old-fashioned crape of our grand-mothers' time—and lace shawls, are drawn into folds on the shoulders, and worn so that the point only reaches to the waist in the back. The ends in front are fastened under the belt.

The latest hosiery comes in delicate shades of cream, light, blue and pink, and gray. The Balbriggans are shown in deep *ecru*, almost as deep as old gold, and are embroidered in vines up the front or each side with black and colored silks.

With black dresses, gay Watteau and Roman sashes are worn in the careless Oriental style, loose about the hips, and with a large knot and long ends hanging down on one side. These and black satin sashes are worn with light or white dresses.

Historical subjects and landscapes are printed on fans, and many well known French artists are employed in this art. In olden times such artists as Watteau, Boucher and Laucret made the designs, which skillful artists afterwards painted.

All brides now wear the veil covering the face and falling below the waist in many plaits. The veil is only raised in the vestry, where the bride receives congratulation. Bridesmaids all wear a small bunch of natural orange blossoms at the waist.

Short skirts are finished with a hem and tucks above it, or a plain or tucked ruffle. These are made of cambric, of equal length in front and back, with two and a half yards around the bottom. They are closely gored and set into a yoke waist-band.

For light mourning are very dressy bonnets of black chip, trimmed with black China crape, edged with black Breton lace. The crape is turned around the crown and held by jet stars. A wing is stuck in the back quite low down, or else a black jet plume.

It will be interesting to American ladies to hear that there is a prospect of the bewitching ostrich feather becoming a home product. A Cape of Good Hope paper says that application has been received there for ostriches to be sent to Georgia and Florida.

Humors of the Day.

The rulers that make their seats of bayonets will have to sit on them all the same when the cushions shall have worn a bit.—*Courier-Journal.*

PREMATURE INQUIRY.—Charles—"What did the Spring suit cost you, Jack?" His friend—"Can't say, dear boy—haven't been summoned for it yet."—*Funny Folks.*

Total abstainer: "Oh, Shuffles, Shuffles, intoxicated again! Do you know the place where drunkards go to?" Shuffles: "Coursh I do—(hic)—the pla'h where they—(hic)—cansh get mosh for their monish—(hic)."—*Judy.*

Tourist (who is staying in the neighborhood for the fishing): "Is it possible that you keep the pig in the house with you?" Pat: "And why not, surr? Sure, isn't there iverything in it that the cr'athur would want?"—*Punch.*

Stranger: "Here! You! We can't pass your ox!" Rustic: "Can't ye? Let 'un pass yew, then." "No impudence, sir. The pass isn't wide enough for both." Rustic: "Bain't it? Well, I leaves it to he. Mebbe he'll toss ye for it!"—*Funny Folks.*

"Byron, my son," said a literary father to his athletic son, "Byron never played base ball." "No," said the boy, pulling on his orange-colored shirt, "and George Washington never wrote poetry." Here the morning hour expired and the bill went over.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Scene—(Dinner party on the finish of second course).—Mr. Host: "Oh, Mrs. Brown, could I assist you to a small piece more fish?" Mrs. Brown (who has been raised above her original position): "Oh, no, thank you; I am quite satisfied—least ways as regards the fish."—*Judy.*

Bright little girl: "The robbers can't steal my mamma's diamond earrings, 'cause papa hid them." Visitor: "Where has he hid them?" Little girl: "Why, I heard him tell mamma he had put them up the spout, and he guessed they would stay there."

Scene—Union railroad horse-car (party of sophomores coming home from a "little supper.") No. 1.—"Don't make so much noise, Fred, you'll give yourself away to those freshmen opposite." Fred (hic) "I don't care, freshie (hic) 's good's any other man, mere accident of birth."—*Harvard Crimson.*

Sympathetic sister: "Don't be so cross, Billy. What's the matter with you?" Billy: "Why, Tommy Stubbs has got the measles, and I ain't." S. S.: "Never mind, there 'ull be plenty of measles left when he's done with 'em. Be a good boy and mind all Sunday School taycher tells you, and perhapsyou'll have 'em, too, some day."—*Fun.*

The Yolo Democrat

OFFICIAL PAPER OF YOLO COUNTY.

WOODLAND, CAL:

Thursday, June 26th, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

E R BUSH.....Judge
D N HERSHEY.....Assembly
J D LAWSON.....Sheriff
H B PEENDGAST.....Clerk
J O MAXWELL.....Recorder
A C KEAN.....Treasurer
FRED KLAYS.....Assessor
J W GOIN.....County Superintendent Schools
L P EVERETT.....Surveyor
S L MONDAY.....Public Administrator
PETER KRELLENBERG.....Coroner

Delegates to Joint Senatorial Convention:—Wm Simms, D Q Adams, Jason Watkins, M E Clowe, George Lewis, James O'Neal, R E Moore, Robert Huston.

County Central Committee:—1st District, John Huey; 2d District, Jas O'Neal; 3d District, M P Sherman; 4th District, R E Moore; 5th District, D Q Adams; At large—J A Douglas, Chairman; W T Lucas, Secretary.

THE "FOXTAIL" MACHINE.

The followers of the "Foxtail" party have urged as one apologetic feature of the movement that it would for a time be free from rings and political trickery, of which they persist in charging the management of the old parties. There is no doubt that the formation of several tickets in the old parties was the work of a few of the leading men, but they were vested with that power simply because no one else took sufficient interest in the matter and they felt empowered to do so. But never have we known the nominating power to be wrested entirely from the hands of the people before last Saturday at the sitting of the New Party Convention. It has been evident to all unbiased minded people that the party in this county, as we intimated some time since, was incubated and kept in existence by a few political professionals for personal gain, and that conjecture was fully substantiated by the course of the Convention last Saturday. Talk of Conventions being controlled by rings! That reform (?) body was controlled by three or four men—notorious for their political chicanery, and the manner in which it was accomplished was so glaringly barefaced as to excite the disgust of everybody except the gullible dupes whose deeper reasoning has evidently become overpowered by the *ignis fatuus* glimmer of reform. A committee composed of six delegates from the Woodland delegation and two from each other delegation in the county, was appointed by the machine to select a ticket to be presented to the Convention. Transparent as was this move, the motion was carried by a small majority. To say nothing of the reflection on the intelligence of that assembly, this strange departure from Conventional custom stands unparalleled in the dark history of political trickery and ring rule. To insure the success of the fraud, of course the move was at first obstinately opposed by a ring leader, but after "due consideration" he became pliant and actually *yielded*—as it "would facilitate business." The aspiring candidates who failed to win the favor of the "ring" of course took a back seat, or left, "burning with indignation." Of course other nominations were made, but it was almost evident defeat to attempt to beat the ring ticket, as the nominating Committee was of itself almost strong enough to hold its nominees. The machinery did not run smoothly at all times, but the lubricating eloquence of J. W. Snowball soon set it in motion and it finally ground out a "Foxtail" ticket, which, though in harmony with the Kelley-Snowball faction, cannot well be swallowed by the uninitiated disciples of the forlorn hope.

WILLFUL MISSTATEMENTS.

The *Mail* persists in falsifying the facts in regard to the DEMOCRAT, with no other possible object than the hope of injuring our business and helping its own, to all of which it would be perfectly welcome—if it could get it legitimately. The facts are just here: We print our four local pages of the Weekly edition, the same size of the *Mail's* pages, which alone contain equal to 5 columns more reading matter than the *Mail*, besides which the other four pages contain double the whole amount of reading there is in that paper—making a total of nearly four times as much for the same price. It is a journal so much better in comparison that it galls our neighbor terribly; but that is no reason for telling a willful falsehood by saying that our edition costs no more than its own. The DEMOCRAT office pays out three times as much money every week for home labor as the *Mail*, besides what the edition costs otherwise, and yet the latter has the unblushing hardihood to say we prefer foreign to home labor. It is very evident the *Mail* prefers falsehood to truthfulness, and therefore we propose to notice it as little hereafter as possible.

At the evening session of the Republican State Convention on Wednesday, the Hon. George C. Perkins was nominated for Governor on the first ballot, receiving 215 votes, or 12 more than were necessary to a choice.

THE W. P. C. of San Francisco have chosen for Mayor the Rev. I. S. Kallock, pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, Baptist.

THE Hon. H. F. Page has been nominated for Congress by the Second District Republican Congressional Convention.

Sacramento Democratic Convention.

SACRAMENTO, June 24.—The Democratic County Convention met here to-day. Matt. F. Johnson president. Thomas Guinean, Isadore Townsend, W. D. Farrell, William McLaughlin; R. S. Carey, R. O. Cravens, T. J. Clunie, G. G. Tyrrell, T. C. Perkins, John A. Odell, C. Wells, A. D. Patterson, and P. M. Sullivan were elected delegates to the State Democratic Convention. A platform was adopted, declaring civil superior to military authority; against soldiers at the polls or United States Marshals; no Federal censorship at the polls; condemning Hayes for the veto of the anti-Chinese bill; condemning Chinese immigration; declaring that the Democracy will go as far as is just and fair in regulating fares; that it recognized the new constitution as the law of the land, and will give it cordial and honest support, and declaring that any candidate elected on the specific pledges of the platform, in case of violation, shall resign his position when called upon to do so by a majority of the County Committee. The Convention nominated for Senators, James L. English of Sacramento, and Robert T. Mills of Folsom.

Reciprocity Treaty.

HAVANA, June 23.—Advices from San Domingo report that Congress has authorized the Government to conclude a treaty with the United States for a free exchange of produce.

Latest Telegraphic News.

Associated Press Special Dispatches.

Wife Murder.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 17th.—Nellie Bowlan, a native of New York, aged 25, was shot and almost instantly killed by James Bowlan, her husband, this morning at her residence on Chestnut street between Mason and Taylor. Rowlan called on deceased and demanded that she should resume her residence with him, which had been broken off on account of an assault made upon Mrs. Bowlan by her husband a short time ago. Deceased refused, saying that she would rather go to Lone Mountain, and that she would not give up the case.

A Scene in Court.

MEMPHIS, (Tenn.), June 17.—This afternoon, during the trial of John J. O'Brien, for alleged seduction of Miss Lizzie Vass, and while the defendant was testifying as to his innocence of the crime, Miss Lizzie arose from her seat near her counsel, and walking toward the defendant said, "you villain, you murdered my father, and now you want to ruin my reputation." As she ceased speaking, she drew a pistol from her dress pocket, but before she could fire it, it was caught by a Deputy Sheriff, who wrested it from her. Her father, Henry F. Vass, had committed suicide on learning of his daughter's disgrace. The suit now pending is for $5,000 damages, and was brought by the deceased.

Decision Against the Chinese.

PORTLAND, June 17.—In the case of the city of Portland vs. Alexander Hamilton, and also in the case of the city of Portland vs. P. G. Baker, Judge Bellinger has overruled the demurrers to complaints. These suits were brought to enjoin Hamilton and Baker from employing Chinese on the streets. The overruling of these demurrers establishes the law in these cases, and henceforth no Chinese will be employed on the public streets, unless the Supreme Court should reverse Judge Bellinger's decision.

Destructive Earthquake.

MESSINA, June 17.—Continued shocks of earthquake, which are attributed to the action of Mount Ætna, have occurred near Santa Verene and Guardia. Several houses have fallen, others are in danger of falling, and there has been some loss of life.

Fatal Riots.

ROME, June 17.—The *Capitale* declares that eighteen persons were killed in the recent riots at Calatabiano, in Sicily, and sixty wounded. Seventy arrests were made.

Defeat of Insurgents.

ALGIERS, June 17.—The column of troops which left Batnia, Province of Constantine, yesterday encountered 600 insurgents in a defile in one of the Youba hills. The insurgents were dislodged by artillery, and the troops occupied their position. The column continues its March to Medina.

Reynolds the Polygamist.

OMAHA, June 18.—George Reynolds, the Mormon who was recently convicted of Polygamy and sentenced to two years in the House of Correction at Detroit, arrived here this afternoon on his way thither in charge of two United States Marshals. Reynolds, who volunteered to become a martyr for the Mormon cause, is resigned to his fate, having now given up all hopes of a pardon.

New Hampshire Senator.

CONCORD (N. H.), June 18.—The House and Senate, in joint convention to-day, elected A. B. Thompson, Secretary of the State; Solon A. Carter, State Treasurer, and John W. Blair was declared elected United States Senator.

Four Persons Drowned.

HALIFAX, June 18.—On Saturday last a boat sailing from Digby for Bear River, containing three men and three girls, was struck by a squall and upset. Three girls and one man were drowned.

Outrage to the Spanish Flag.

MADRID, June 18.—The Government has ordered the prosecution of energetic measures to obtain satisfaction from San Domingo for the outrage to the Spanish flag, in the arrest last Winter and the subsequent execution of two insurgent Dominican Generals, who had taken refuge on board Spanish vessels at Puerto Plata.

France and the Khedive.

ALEXANDRIA, June 18.—According to intelligence from Cairo, the French Consul-General will proceed in full uniform to the palace to-day, to announce that the French Government has decided to insist upon the deposition of the Khedive.

Earthquake in Sicily.

ROME, June 18.—There was a violent earthquake yesterday near Aci, Sicily. Five villages were almost wholly destroyed. Ten persons were killed and several injured. The inhabitants of the district are fleeing en masse.

Appropriation Bill Signed.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—The President has approved the bill making appropriations for the Legislative, Executive and Judiciary expenses of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880, and for other purposes.

Loss of Life.

ALLENTOWN, June 21.—At one of the mines two miles from Emaus, a boiler burst with terrific force, killing five men outright and seriously injuring four others.

Fire in a Grain Field.

WILLIAMS, June 20.—Yesterday about noon, a fire broke out on Becker's ranch, seven miles southeast of town. They were threshing barley at the time, and a spark from the engine caught in the straw around the machine, and in a moment everything was in flames. The separator and barley were destroyed. A fierce norther was blowing, and it was with difficulty that the fire was controlled and kept from spreading to adjacent fields. Loss, about $1,800.

Death of the Prince Imperial.

LONDON, June 19.—A Reuter dispatch from Cape Town, dated June 3d, via Madeira to-day, says: Prince Louis Napoleon, the Prince Imperial of France, accompanied by other officers, left Col. Wood's camp to reconnoitre. The body of the Prince was discovered in a field of long grass. There were no bullet wounds upon it, but there were seventeen wounds made by assegui thrusts. Body was found stripped, and the clothes had been taken away.

Kalloch's Record.

CHICAGO, June 20.—The *Tribune* says: "The Workingmen's party of San Francisco have nominated as their candidate for Mayor Rev. Isaac S. Kalloch, pastor of the Metropolitan Church. This person will be remembered in Boston as having some years ago left behind him in that city a pronounced reputation for repeated violations of the seventh commandment."

Probable Pardon.

NEW YORK, June 20.—A Philadelphia special to-day says: The case of John S. Morton, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for over-issuing $12,000,000 of street railroad stock, was held by the Board of Pardons under advisement. He will probably be pardoned, as a large number of depositors show that he was controlled in his financial operations by imaginary spirit influence. This hallucination possessed him for years.

Weston Makes 550 Miles, with Five Minutes to Spare.

NEW YORK, June 21.—A London dispatch, timed at eleven o'clock P.M., says:

The great contest is finished, and Weston is being proclaimed, with shouts and cheers, "Champion of the World." Weston completed his 550th mile at precisely eleven o'clock, thereby winning the belt, his bet, and the championship. From two o'clock this afternoon until eight, Weston accomplished the astonishing feat of making five miles an hour. During these six hours the excitement was something wonderful, and the plucky hero of the hour was greeted with shouts and cheers as he boldly plodded along against time. From eight o'clock the excitement steadily increased, and reached its culminating point just before the finish. At 9:30 Weston had made the highest score on record, namely, 543 miles and 5 laps, beating "Blower" Brown's great score of 542 miles. The hall at this time was filled with an enthusiastic crowd, who seemed never to grow tired of cheering. Weston, though evidently suffering somewhat from fatigue, maintained a smiling face, and was the recipient of many friendly greetings.

The great struggle came to an end at eleven o'clock, Weston doing 550 miles, with five minutes to spare.

NEW YORK, June 21.—A London dispatch says: During the closing hours of the great performance, Weston looked in good trim, and at times went around the track like a steam engine. Large numbers of Americans were present. The cheering was lusty and hearty as Weston occasionally broke into brisk runs. There is general rejoining. Hanlon is not now as much the hero he was a few days ago.

LONDON June 21.—The walking match was finished at 10:55 P.M. Weston had made 550 and Brown 453 miles. About 5,000 people witnessed the finish. Weston won his bet with Sir John Ashley, that he would make 550 miles. Rowell says he will challenge Weston immediately.

Circumnavigation.

HALIFAX, June 21.—Captain Goldsmith and wife, from Boston, bound around the world in a small boat, arrived last evening. They sail on Monday for England via Newfoundland.

Proposed Return to Paris.

VERSAILLES' June 22.—The Government has submitted to the Chambers a bill regulating the details of the return of the Chambers to Paris. It fixes the first of the Legislature in Paris on the 3d of November.

The Proposed Abdication

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 22.—The Council of Ministers has assented to the voluntary abdication of the Khedive; but, if he refuses to abdicate, the Porte would require the Powers to submit to the Sultan a full explanation of their motives before insisting upon his deposition.

Demands by the Western Powers.

ALEXANDRIA, June 22.—The Western Powers have further demanded the removal of the Khedive's two sons, Hussia and Hassan, from Egypt.

A Father Kills his Three Daughters.

SPRINGFIELD (Mass.), June 22.—John Kemmler, a German, residing at South Holyoke, shot dead his three children, all girls aged six, four and one year, being unable to support them. He has been out of work since February. He sent his wife on an errand before committing the crime. When arrested Kemmler said, "Let the law take its course." He said he feared the children might grow up and enter houses of prostitution. He thought they would be better in Heaven.

Persons Killed and Wounded at a Chicago Sunday Picnic.

CHICAGO, June 22.—The Bohemian Sharpshooters' Association, composed of some twenty individuals, had a picnic to-day at Silver Leaf Grove. During a dance, one of the Sharpshooters engaged in a quarrel with Volney Clark, visitor, and after using him up pretty badly had him ejected from the grounds. He stated his grievance to the crowd outside the gates, and gaining some sympathy there, inaugurated an indiscriminate throwing of sticks and stones into the inclosure. The Lieutenant of the company, Frank Lodweic, ordered the loud roll sounded and bayonets fixed. A charge was immediately made toward the gate, and the crowd were bayoneted and sabred until they fell back. The company, loading their guns, fired a volley into the crowd. They again fired, each sharpshooter picking his man. It is stated three or four volleys were fired in all. The weapons used were muzzle-loading Springfield muskets, the cartridge being composed of nine buckshot each. As soon as the affair became known, two squads of police repaired to the scene and arrested the whole company. They formed in marching order, under the American flag, and proceeded to West Madison Street Station, where they are now incarcerated, charged with murder, and guarded by a heavy detachment of police.

The arrival of the police to conduct them to the station-house probably saved them from personal violence, which was threatened by a surrounding mob of about 2,000.

National Workingmen's Party.

NEW YORK, June 23.—The first meeting of the National Workingmen's Party took place here to-day. There was not a very large attendance. The chief speaker was Kelly, who considered the new California Constitution the greatest public document since the adoption of the Magna Charta, and the greatest in this country since the Declaration of Independence. Workingmen should place it next to their Family Bibles, and dance no longer to Republican fiddle or Democratic bugle, but band themselves to make a similar document law in every State.

Ravages of Chinese.

LONDON, June 22.—A dispatch from Berlin announces: In consequence of raids in the Kuldja territory by Chinese soldiers, who are ravaging the country with fire and sword, a large Russian expedition will be dispatched against them. As the raiders are likely to receive the support of the Chinese Government, war may supervene.

Republican Convention.

SAN RAFAEL, June 24.—The Republicans held their County Convention and nominated a ticket to-day, as follows: Assemblyman, Charles Estey; Superior Judge, S. L. Cutter; Sheriff, George Mayson; Clerk, J. Belrude; Assessor, William Vanderbilt; Treasurer, William Dampier.

The Business Situation.

NEW YORK, June 23.—The *Tribune* concludes its usual Monday review of the business situation and prospects throughout the country as follows: While professional workingmen in Congress and in political conventions are bawling about their sufferings and wrongs, the actual workingmen of this country are to-day more fully employed and considered—than at any period since the disbandment of the armies at the close of the war.

To be Hanged.

HARRISBURG, June 24.—The Supreme Court has substained the decision of the lower Court in the case of Pete Manus and John O'Neill, Molly Maguires, convicted in Northumberland County, Penn., and sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Coroner Hesser, in 1874.

Chilean Town Bombarded.

LONDON, June 23.—A telegram from Callao states that the Peruvian ironclad turret-ship Huascar bombarded Antofogasta and captured two Chilean transports. The Chilean man-of-war Covadonga (wooden) stranded. There has been an indecisive engagement between the Huascar and a Chilean ironclad.

Burned to Death.

ATLANTA, (Ga.), June 23.—The dwelling of J. F. Reynolds, near Jonesborough, burned yesterday, and his daughter and sister-in-law, young girls of thirteen and sixteen years, perished in the flames. The fire originated on the inside. They were so blinded or bewildered they could not open the door, although Reynolds, who had been awakened by the roaring of the flames, called to them and tried to break in the door. He then went to save his wife, and barely succeeded in getting her out. He was very badly burned, and it is feared fatally.

Panama Canal.

LONDON, June 23.—A Paris dispatch says: Ferdinand De Lesseps, in a lecture at Amiens, stated that the first sod of the Panama Canal would be turned January 1st, 1880, and that with 40,000 natives, including some Chinese, and 15,000 Brazilian negroes, the work would be completed in eight years.

The Solano *Republican* says the hot dry weather since the 13th immediately following the drenching rain has been very damaging to grain in that county. The fields of grain that promised the most last week, will scarcely yield a half. The stalks are dried up prematurely, while yet it has a green cast, which of course has shriveled the grain. But if the weather would only turn moist and cool there would be hope that the grain would yet fill.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

M. C. WINCHESTER, . . . Editor.

All articles intended for this column must be sent to M. C. Winchester, Knights Landing, Yolo County, who has charge of the Temperance Department, by appointment of the Yolo County District Lodge I. O. G. T.

Guilty.

Such was the plea made by Brown, when arraigned before Judge Taylor of Knights Landing on the morning of June 9th. Guilty of what? Getting drunk and disturbing the peace and quietness of the Lord's day, fighting and making it unsafe for quiet people to walk the street. "Served him right," say all good people. Amen, say we. Now let us inquire a little further. Who is Brown? Charley Brown is a drunkard and has no one to say a good word for him. Suppose we do it this time and see if we can justify ourselves. Charley Brown is a man, when sober, of fair intelligence, and was no doubt a good boy, and his mother loved him dearly. As he grew to manhood he went out into the world, fell into bad company, and became an habitual drunkard; a curse to himself, a burden to society, and a humiliation and shame to his friends and relatives. Alas! how many are there to-day whose history runs in the same channel.

He has lived in the vicinity of the Landing a year or two, perhaps more, when sober, is quiet and industrious; when drunk, disagreeable and often quarrelsome, and for that trait in his character is now suffering the penalty in the county jail for violating the law by fighting. Now if that were all no one would have reason to complain. There are other laws on the statute book that are continually violated, and why are not the officers prompt to arrest and the law swift to punish? One of these laws forbids the keeping open a saloon and selling liquor on Sunday. If this law had not first been violated Brown would not probably have got drunk. Another law is that no one shall sell liquor to an habitual drunkard. If this law had not been wilfully violated, Brown would not now be a county expense. Well, says one, if this be so, why are not they arrested and punished? Our answer is simply because in this boasted land of freedom of ours there is no equality before the law.

It makes all the difference in the world whether the culprit at the bar of justice is the noisy, seedy, quarrelsome, fighting Brown, who gets drunk when he has money and goes to jail when he has none, or the saloon keeper who has plenty of friends and money, who knowingly violates the law one-seventh of the time and as much oftener as he sells to a habitual drunkard.

Let the guilt rest where it belongs, and though Brown stands behind the bars of the county jail as a penalty for the violation of law. Those that sold him the liquor on a day and to a person forbidden by law are more guilty than he, because they made the offence possible that otherwise would not in all probability have happened.

Let us pity the infirmities of fallen humanity and extend the hand of charity to those who are slaves to their appetites, but hold up to scorn and contempt those who tempt the weak and lead them astray in open violation of law for no higher motive than sordid gain.

Capay.

Capay Lodge is doing a splendid work, gaining slowly and surely in numbers and influence. When we organized Capay Lodge there were four whiskey dens in town, doing a large business, taking in from thirty to forty dollars per day, but before our first anniversary rolled 'round one was turned to the useful and humane purpose of shelter for stock, and the owner who was in poor health (probably from drinking too much whiskey), turned out to work as all honest men should, and is now enjoying good health, making a good and honest living for his family, giving value received for what he gets, and I hope ere long all others who make a living by selling the deadly poison may go and do likewise.

The other evening I met a portable beer keg in the street and he commenced to complain of hard times, and in answer to my inquiry said he had not taken in ten dollars in a week and only four bits that day which was not enough to buy hash for one. Whereupon he strode off muttering, through his closed teeth, something that sounded as though he was referring the Good Templars to a warmer climate than any in California.

So you see here is another evidence of the influence we are exerting for good and making it very hard times for the saloonist. We have about sixty members in good standing and are receiving new members all the time. Our degree meetings are well attended and the taking of the degrees shows that the members are interested in the cause and desire to keep posted in the workings of the order. I know you will join with us in congratulations for the good work being done for the cause of temperance by Capay Lodge.

Yours Fraternally, JOSH.

Republican Nominations.

Following are the Republican State Nominations other than those already given in this paper:

Chief Justice—A. L. Rhodes, Santa Clara.

Associate Justices—E. D. Wheeler, San Fancisco; M. H. Myrick, San Francisco; A. P. Catlin, Sacramento; J. E. Hale, Placer; I. S. Belcher, Yuba; J. T. Richards, Santa Barbara.

State Board of Equalization—M. M. Drew, Jas. A. Clayton, Warren Dutton.

Railroad Commissioners—Jas. S. Cone, Tehama, farmer; C. H. Phillips, San Luis Obispo, accountant. [The Districts for Railroad Commissioner and Board of Equalization, embracing San Francisco, are to nominate in San Francisco.]

For Congress—First District—Horace Davis; Second District, H. F. Page, El Dorado; Third District, Jos. McKenna, of Solano; Fourth District, Romualdo Pacheco, San Luis Obispo.

Blackberry Eaters Beware.

The Chinese are an ingenious race, and will resort to ways and means of accomplishing an object that an American would never dream of. A Chinaman was going around town Tuesday afternoon selling blackberries. At the time he was selling them he had them in small tin pails. A prominent resident of this section, while coming into town, met him jogging along in his bare feet, a long pole over his shoulders and his boots attached to the ends thereof, the boots filled with blackberries, which he transferred to the pails and sold around town during the day. Moral—patronize your local merchants and shun Chinese peddlers.—*Woodland Record.*

GLANCES AT THE AFTER LIFE.

WOODLAND, June 24th, 1879

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—I send you a few ideas of my own on the above subject, not expecting that you will agree with them, but still would like to have the communication published if you see fit to do so:

When we die and pass away our friends sigh, and the moving mass of flesh lies dormant, and all that remains of our geniality and actions becomes an inanimate bulk of corrupt matter, filled with innumerable horrid reptiles that would dismay us if we could behold them with the naked eye. The question arises, what has left that body, if anything, to become a living soul in after life or beyond the grave; and in what shape, or form, or manner has it left to assume its new garb? To the observation of mortals who have attended the death of any living object, either human or animal, there can be but one answer, and that is, the breath. There being but two real seats of life, the heart and brain, which is it that accompanies the breath, if either, and which is the life giving element to the soul? The heart only performs one power, that is dispersing blood through the system and feeding it as wood does a fire. That cannot be the one, for the Heart knows no change unless the blood is bad or the person sick and is not subject to sympathy. But the brain being the other, and performing many functions and a sympathizer, and ruling every fibre and the heart's emotions, must be the accompanying element, and in what way it does accomplish this action is only to be demonstrated in order to find out what the soul is, which I propose now to do as near as to me seems just and reasonable, asking none to believe but reason for themselves. God says the sould is a spirit, and he is a spirit, and mortals can only see and worship him as spirits, and in this wise he communes with the Prophets of old as also in dreams and virsions. Bible believers, deny it if you can. Now is not the mind and breath a spirit, for they are the only objects that can worship, the mind receiving the light, conceiving the ideas, moulding the words and actions, and calling the powers within its reach to move the machinery given it to demonstrate itself, and causing the breath to pronounce the inward combined thoughts of the person. Then surely this must be the soul, the mind and breath, and how they are combined together after leaving the body is the mystery; but the mind being the supreme ruling power here, why not hereafter? I claim it is, and the only element that goes into the after life knowing anything whatever. Some may ask, what is the mind? Mind is matter. The thinking mind is active, cultivated matter, acting upon everything and all its surroundings in making the human being a god or a devil; we are the god-head and everything we do that is good is godly and lifts us up into the godly surroundings, and everything we do that is evil sinks us into the ungodly surroundings; and nature has so constituted us that the moment we do good we are happy, and the moment we do evil we are unhappy, and that moment are convicted and condemned for the act, and there is no atonement for the act that we can do that will relieve our minds from the torture in this life or the reverting back to the event in after years. The mind is sure to call every act before our vision many times. The soul, as defined by holy writ, must be the breath, for God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul, but not cognizant of the fact 'till the mind received the spirit, and then breath was commanded to obey the spirit and to breathe out its thoughts, either be they good or evil, and to hold both responsible for such actions, and man became a living being with an invisible spirit drawn from an invisible and impenetrable world of space, and when we become inactive again (or as we say, dead,) that thinking element returns as it came, an invisible spirit from earth, either degenerated or improved with a knowledge of its faults and a power to improve in after life and rise to a higher and purer state, and there make the atonement and blot forever its miseries from the mind, also retaining the power of communing with the companions of life here through the same agencies. The *mind* therefore proving the *mind* is the soul, for there is no other way of appealing to mortals or immortals only through the mind. Therefore prayer is only another form of supplication for a gift of power to receive manifestations from the spirit world, and when a person is converted and not crazed they receive that power, and often you will hear preachers say they beheld the Heavens open and saw angels, etc. What is this but the clairvoyancy of spiritualists, or in other words, transferring the mortal mind away to its origin and letting it behold its natural and original state? Every passionate feeling, such as love, hatred, friendship, religion, and a thousand other gratifications spring from the mind, and when gratified the mind is at rest. So this longing for the after life all springs from the spirit mind, working on the worldly mind. All this is abundantly proved by the spirit manifestations to those who believe, and in impressions and forewarnings to those who believe only in a religious way and cannot account for the feelings or take warning therefrom, or believing them to be evil influences surrounding them, thereby repulsing the angels that hover by, ready to protect them by impressing their minds in some way by dreams, presentiments, forewarnings, or in visions. C. C. B.

1776. 1879.

FOURTH OF JULY!

103d ANNIVERSARY.

Grand Celebration of our National Birthday

AT WOODLAND!

President of the Day: HON. F. S. FREEMAN.

Vice-Presidents—Hon. John Lambert, N. Wyckoff, J. W. Snowball, E. R. Perkins, Judge James Oneal, S. N. Mering, Wm. Sims, D. B. Hurlbut, George Lewis, and Prof. F. A. Pedlar.

Chaplain of the Day—REV. E. M. STUART.

Reader of the Declaration—GEO. PIERCE.

Orator—REV. TH. BEAILEY.

Marshal—J. D. LAWSON, ESQ.

First Assistant—MISS KATE CROSS.

Procession of citizens will form at 10 o'clock A. M., and moving through the principal streets of town, arrive at grounds selected at 11 o'clock A. M. where they will come to order in front of the stand, when the following exercises will be had:

1.—Instrumental Music (by Ellis Band).
2.—Prayer.
3.—Vocal Music (quartette).
4.—Reading Declaration.
5.—Music (by Band).
6.—Oration.
7.—Music.
8.—Impromptu Speeches.
9.—Adjournment.

Immediately after the close of exercises the MOST ANCIENT ORDER OF HORRIBLES will parade with appropriate music and costume, and coming to disorder at same grounds will give an unprecedentedly HORRIBLE BURLESQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

In the Evening a GRAND BALL at Central Hall, also a PROMENADE SOIREE, with Refreshments, at Washington Hall, both under the auspices of "THE HORRIBLES."

je26dw

H. B. PENDEGAST,

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

je26w

CHANGE OF DRUG FIRM.

Having sold my Drug Store to Messrs. Whittemore & Higginson, I take pleasure in recommending them to my former patrons and friends. Mr. Whittemore having had fourteen years' practical experience in some of the best establishments in New York City and State, is an assurance that the business will be well conducted.

MACK WEBBER.

In reference to the above card, we would respectfully announce to the citizens of Woodland and surrounding country, that we are fully prepared to carry on the Drug business in all its branches. We have now on the way from New York invoices of saleable goods selected with great care as to purity and low prices, which with the present assortment and other additions will make our stock as good and complete as can be found in the country, and it will be our earnest endeavor to sell all articles in our line as low as they can be purchased in the State. We shall buy direct from the best Eastern markets and will spare no pains to suit our patrons both as regards quality and price.

We shall be pleased to receive the former friends and patrons of Mr. Webber and any new ones who may favor us with their patronage.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,
One door west of Express Office, Main Street, Woodland. je6dw1m

A FRESH SUPPLY

.....OF.....

SUMMER GOODS

JUST OPENED OUT

.....AT.....

A. Nickelsburg & Bros.

Cor. First and Main Sts.,

WOODLAND.
jeld

THE ONLY STORE

In Woodland where

You will find Fair Dealing to all!

ONE PRICE TO ALL!

NO MISREPRESENTING GOODS!

AND FOR CASH ONLY!

.....IS THE.....

GREAT WESTERN BANKRUPT STORE,

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE, WOODLAND.
je25dw

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Yolo, in the State of California, made on the 17th day of May, 1879, in the matter of the Estate of NOBLE CLARK, deceased, the undersigned, Executor of the Estate of said deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on SATURDAY, THE NINETEENTH DAY OF JULY, 1879, at Two o'clock P.M. of that day, at the dwelling house on the premises, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said NOBLE CLARK, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said Estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired in and to that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being situate in the County of Yolo, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to wit: The northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, the north half of the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section eighteen, township eleven north, of range two east, Mount Diablo base and meridian.

Terms and conditions of sale, cash—ten per cent. paid to the Executor on the day of sale, and the balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court.

WM. J. CLARK, Executor.
J. C. BALL, Attorney. je26w4t

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of ISAAC T. KEEL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within FOUR months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the law office of J. C. BALL, in Woodland, Yolo County, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate.

S. L. MONDAY, Administrator.
J. C. BALL, Attorney. je26w5t

Notice!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT SAMUEL HAWK will apply to the Board of Supervisors of Sacramento County at their rooms, corner of 7th and I Sts., in the City and County of Sacramento, State of California, on the FIRST DAY OF AUGUST, A.D. 1879, at 10 o'clock A.M., or as soon thereafter as I can be heard, for a franchise to run and maintain a public ferry across the Sacramento River at Clarksburg, in Yolo County, landings to be made on Yolo side on lands of R. C. Clark, and Sacramento side lands of Adam Werner.

je26w6 SAMUEL HAWK.

Announcement

.....TO THE.....

People of Yolo and Neighboring Counties:

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing that

THE PUGET SOUND LUMBER CO.

HAS PURCHASED OF

GEO. D. FISKE & CO.

.....THE.....

DEPOT LUMBER YARD AT WOODLAND,

And will immediately re-stock it with a

LARGE & VARIED ASSORTMENT

.....OF.....

Oregon Pine, Sugar Pine

.....AND.....

REDWOOD LUMBER,

DOORS,
WINDOWS,
BLINDS,
FINE HAIR,
PLASTER,
CEMENT, ETC.

LUMBER SAWED TO ORDER

.....AND.....

FURNISHED PER CARGO.

☞ **This Company owning its Mills and Vessels, brings its Lumber direct to the Railroad at Vallejo, and is therefore enabled to sell at Cheaper Rates than heretofore offered to the people of this vicinity, and persons wanting a bill of Lumber will certainly make a great mistake if they do not call on this firm before making their purchases.**

A. POWELL,

Manager Puget Sound Lumber Co.

Yards at Woodland, Willows, South Vallejo, and Agencies at all other important towns.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, SOUTH VALLEJO.
Jeldw

NEW GOODS RECEIVED

FROM AUCTION EVERY WEEK.

Just Arrived: A Full Line of

LADIES', MISSES' & CHILDREN'S

SHOES

At Lower Prices Than Ever!

AT THE GREAT WESTERN

BANKRUPT STORE,

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE, - WOODLAND.
Je25

WASHINGTON PARK, DIXON.

This delightful resort, located at **DIXON, SOLANO COUNTY**, has been arranged and fitted up with great care for the use of

Picnic and Excursion Parties,

having all the appointments usual at such pleasure grounds. The Park is under the management of

An Experienced Caterer

To the enjoyment of the public, and who never fails to please those who honor him with their patronage. Those desiring to engage the Park should confer with

GEORGE FRAHM, Manager,
Je21dw Prop'r City Hotel, Dixon, Cal.

MULES FOR SALE!

A fine lot of heavy Mules, recently brought from the East by Railroad, suitable for any kind of team or farm work, are offered for sale by the undersigned. Enquire of

S. A. HOWARD,
je2dw Woodland, Cal.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE!

The undersigned offers his desirable residence property, on the CORNER OF OAK AVENUE AND FOURTH STREETS, for sale. It embraces Two Town Lots, with an Orchard, a Good House of seven rooms, a Horse Barn, and all the conveniences necessary for a Family Home. For particulars enquire of the proprietor on the premises. je12dw* J. J. COOK.

H. L. MARDERS. J. D. LAWSON.

FASHION STABLES!

This spacious, new and elegantly arranged Stables is now open for the accommodation of the public. The best of Turnouts furnished at reasonable rates:

Transient Teams well cared for. Horses Boarded by the Day or Week at the FASHION STABLES, N. W. cor. Main and Railroad Sts.
Je19d MARDERS & LAWSON, Prop's.

COUNTY ASSESSOR BEAMER WANTS it distinctly understood that Poll Taxes must be paid before the First day of July, or he will be compelled by law to demand three dollars instead of two. je26

WANTED—YOUNG MAN TO LEARN the Photograph business; to one of the right sort a splendid show will be given. Enquire immediately—King, Photographer. je22*

NOTICE.—ALL PERSONS KNOWING themselves to be liable for City Poll Tax will please come forward and pay before July 1st, and thereby save themselves Fifty cents.
je17d GEO. W. ALFORD, Marshal.

POSTPONED—KING'S APPOINTMENT at Madison is unavoidably postponed until after the 4th. Will then be at that town for two weeks. je22*

WANTED.—BY A MAN WHO IS A good engineer, machinist and blacksmith, a situation to run a Threshing Engine. Address, W. S. Dolbier, Tackney House, Woodland, Cal. je18w2*

PURE FLAVORING EXTRACT OF Vanilla and Lemon of the celebrated Townsend & Plummer's N. Y. brand, for sale at Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store. je8

THE FAMOUS 5-CENT PECULIAR CIgars are peculiarly peculiar in flavor. Wrapped with peculiar tobacco, grown from peculiar seed, on a peculiar piece of ground, and are peculiarly adapted to smokers of peculiar taste, who are peculiarly fond of a peculiar smoke. For sale at Elston's Drug Store. je11d

THE BEST FIVE CENT CIGAR IN Woodland, made by white labor and received direct from the manufacturers in Brooklyn, N. Y. Also a complete assortment of other Eastern cigars for sale at Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store. je8

STANDARD WHITE ILLUMINATING oil, water white, 150° fire test, in cases and in bulk. This oil we can recommend as being equal in quality to any made. For sale cheap at Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store. je8

T. J. ADAMS & CO. ARE PREPARED to furnish Ice; all parties wishing can leave their orders at the C. O. D. Store, where they will receive prompt attention. je16

The Yolo Democrat.

Thursday, June 26th, 1879.

GEO. M. MOTT is the authorized agent of this paper in Sacramento for soliciting advertisements and subscriptions, collecting bills, etc.

Every letter or communication to the DEMOCRAT *should bear the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.*

Town and County Matters

Letter from Knights Landing.

KNIGHTS LANDING, June 20, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Our town is improving and also livening up a little, and to quote from "Genera," the "luxuriant verdure of our street" is slowly disappearing; in fact the poll tax man has tied his horse in front of our gate so often that the verdure stands no show; and the innumerable blanket brigade that flies through town every day, completes the destruction. Among these latter, nowadays, you will occasionally find one the proud posessor of a solitary half dollar, which as a general thing, after getting it changed into five dimes, he will spend recklessly one at a time.

Our citizens are somewhat elated—and with good cause, because people do not appreciate the abuse of a monopoly—over a new drug store which is being fitted up by Mr. A. Brown, an experienced druggist, and we hope a good citizen, and a perfect gentleman. We predict, that with a little judicious square dealing, he will capture the entire pill business of Knights Landing and vicinity. At any rate if our wife or child should be taken suddenly ill, and we don't happen to have the "requisite" immediately at hand, that we will not have to seek a friend and negotiate a loan before we can get a seventy-five cent prescription filled.

There is another splendid chance here, in the dry goods business—an enterprising dry goods merchant could make money here. Our ladies do not wish to travel to Woodland, or Sacramento, to do a ten dollar shopping trip if they could avoid it, but as the matter is and has been for some time, they can save money by so doing. And the men would sooner buy at home if they could'nt save their fare to San Francisco, and return, on the price of a common suit of clothes. This town, and country around it, will support and make money for a good dry goods store, if the goods were only brought here and offered to them at anything like a "live and let live" price. And we cannot see why goods cannot be sold as cheap here as in Sacramento or Woodland. All our farmers have good crops, and will soon be in a condition to pay cash; if not, the most of them are better than greenbacks or silver. D. J.

Revival of Industry.

The busy days have come. The sound of the harvester will soon be heard on every hand gathering in the fruits of the year's labor, and carrying it to market. Every available assistance will be brought into use in the rush and activity of the "golden harvest," and many of the amusements resorted to to employ the idle time between the seasons of sowing and reaping must be abandoned for the more useful pursuits of life. The farmer estimates his probable crop and calculates the net proceeds, after deducting his yearly expenses, and finds he is somewhat further advanced on the road to wealth, and feels happy. The laborer reasons upon his pittance of the annual store and finds that he too has cause to rejoice. The merchant and the mechanic alike look upon the scene with hope and complacent anticipation, for they fully realize that upon the success of the farmer depends the progress of every kind of business. And even the hard-worked editor finds time to discongage his thoughts from the dull routine of daily toil, and smile at the thought that subscribers will soon begin to come forward and blot out their delinquencies. In short every branch of business will receive an impetus that will cast a bright lustre on the face of the whole community.

Significant Reaction.

That the New Constitution party will not have a ghost of a chance in the coming conflict, is evident from the reaction that has taken place among Democrats who voted for the new Constitution and were disposed to take part in the new party movement. The action of the Convention held by the so-called new party organization in this county, however, has opened the eyes of many Democrats and Republicans already to the schemes and hollow pretences of the men who are looking for office, and they are expressing their determination to support their straight party tickets, and not be hoodwinked into an alliance with those who seek a division of the Democracy in order that they may obtain office. And moves of this character are manifesting themselves all over the State, showing that the Democracy of California are realizing the necessity of united action this fall in order to carry the coming Presidential contest.

Serenaded.

D. M. Burns was serenaded Saturday night by the Ellis Band, accompanied by a large number of enthusiastic friends and admirers. After the Band finished playing a beautiful air, Mr. Burns appeared and responded in a short, but elegant and even pathetic speech, expressing his heartfelt thanks for this manifestation of high esteem in a manner [illegible] touched the bosom of every hearer and w[illegible] was acknowledged by three hearty cheers for Yolo's representative on the State ticket. The crowd were then invited into the house, where they were warmly received and conducted into an adjoining room, where champagne and cigars were bountifully served, while the Band played a number of pieces in the parlor. General good feeling prevailed and the affair was highly enjoyed by all present. It was a compliment such as might well be regarded with pride and esteem.

Fire at Cacheville.

The livery stable belonging to the Cummings Brothers, of Cacheville, burned down last Friday about 4 o'clock. The fire originated in the west end of the mow and is supposed to have been caused by the ignition of matches which had been carelessly dropped. Although assistance came at the first alarm, the fire spread with such rapidity that nothing but the horses and buggies could be saved from destruction. The barn was full of hay, which was consumed together with nine set of harness and other things. For a time it seemed immident that a great conflagration would ensue and it was with the greatest effort that the whole town was saved from ruin. The building was insured for $1,500, which will probably cover the loss.

Scribner's Publications.

Scribner's Monthly for July is well calculated to sustain the high literary standard which that old and well known publication has attained in the field of popular literature. Its pages are replete with the choicest writings of some of our leading authors, and is a household magazine second to no other in the land. Terms, $4 a year in advance. Address, Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, N. Y. *St. Nicholas* for July, published by the same firm, is also received, and a perusal of its bright pages confirms the high reputation which it long since acquired. As a publication for young folks it has no equal. Subscription only $3 a year.

The Cacheville Democratic Primary.

YOLO, YOLO CO., CAL., June 23d, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Dear Sir: Having learned, within a few days, that certain parties were circulating reports that I had been induced to hold a Primary Election and elect four (4) Delegates to the Democratic County Convention from Cacheville, and that the whole matter was instigated by Republicans. In answer I will state the facts: A Democrat called on me and requested me to get up a meeting for the purpose of electing four (4) Delegates, in accordance with the call of the Central Committee. On the evening of the 11th inst. Mr. Patrick Donnellan and myself organized a meeting and elected M. F. Mullen, P. Donnellan, A. J. Barnes, and C. Forsythe, Democrats, as Delegates. We supposed we had a right to be represented in a Democratic Convention, as the former leaders of the Democratic Party in this Precinct had gone over to the New Constitution side. Being unable to attend the convention I drew up the proxies and gave mine to J. A. Douglas, Mr. Donnellan giving his to John Tackney, and Messrs. Barnes & Forsythe theirs to Geo. W. Bentley. We knew the men who represented us were Democrats and felt an interest with us in the success of the Democratic Party. Most of the Democratic Party has joined the new party in this locality. But we believe we did nothing more than our duty in standing by our party in the hour of its trial, and contributing our feeble support to the success of the glorious old Democratic Party in the coming contest.

Yours Truly, M. F. MULLEN.

New Constitution Convention.

The New Constitution Party Convention was held Saturday, when the following nominations were made: *For* Superior Judge, James Johnson; for Assemblyman, C. H. Day; for Sheriff, Carey Barney; for County Clerk, J. H. Murphy; for Recorder, R. W. Megowan; for Treasurer, J. M. Rhodes; for Assessor, John Cronin; for Superintendent Public Schools, John W. Martin; for Public Administrator, Geo. C. St Louis; for Coroner, Dr. Fifield. After the Convention adjourned the delegates of Cache Creek Township assembled and made the following nominations: for Justice of the Peace, D. C. Hubbard and John L. Pace; for Constables, E. Follett and A. M. Hayward.

List of Unclaimed Letters

Remaining in the Postoffice at Woodland, Yolo Co., Cal., June 23d, 1879.

Brant, John E	Keel, Thomas
Brines, Jas	Nyswasner, Ruth
Barns, Joseph	Nyswasner, Matilda
Coburn, Wm	Pearce, J W
Cook, Wm T	Rosenberg, J (R T)
Dollarhide, E (2)	Scott, Mrs Tilda
Ingham, J R (2)	Sharpneck, G W

Persons calling for the above letters will please say "advertised."

L. WALKER, P.M.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Last Saturday was the longest day of the year and we hope the one which preceded it was the warmest.

A fishing party were last week fishing in Cache Creek Canal and caught 46 salmon, weighing from 3 to 20 pounds.

Governor Stanford definitely states that the Northern Railroad will not be extended further than Willows for the present.

There are two roads (Rhodes) reaching for the Treasurer's office in this County but it will take keen (Kean) work to get there.

The Workingmen's Joint Senatorial Convention to nominate a Joint Senator for Yolo and Solano will be held at Davisville, June 28th, 1879.

Get your wife a nice time piece, a good gold cased ladies watch for $15, worth $45, at Uncle Harris', 221 Kearny Street, between Bush and Sutter, San Francisco.

Henry Pennington was last Monday thrown from a wagon, near Cacheville, dislocating a shoulder and sustaining other severe though not dangerous injuries.

The National Gold Medal was awarded to Bradley & Rulofson for the best photographs in the United States, and the Vienna medal for the best in the world, 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

During the fire at Cacheville last Friday Wm. McNear was struck in the eye with the point of a knife which he was using in cutting loose the horses, inflicting an injury which may result in the loss of the eyesight.

Sam. Ruland and party have just returned from a hunting expedition in Lake county, where they had a good time and found plenty of game. Sam gives a very vivid account of their exploits and promises to furnish the DEMOCRAT with a full narrative as soon as convenient.

The road and poll tax man visited the DEMOCRAT office the other morning and kindly invited the boys to "put up." If there is anything that regales the patriotic spirit as much as the pleasure of contributing to the financial good of one's country, the boys of this office fail to see it.

The canine exterminator continues to ply his nefarious vocation, and almost every night some house dog falls a victim to his wilful hand. The fact that none but good watch dogs receive his attention gives rise to the suspicion that the work is being done by individuals for the purpose of plunder.

A corespondent sends us an article on "The Ravages of the North Wind." We find no fault with the article in a literary point of view, but we cannot use our columns for the defamation of the weather. Our reporter has just interviewed the clerk of the weather and learned that the north wind is soon to be stopped. We trust this will satisfy all chronic weather growlers.

We had thought the Red Bluff *Cause* man was entitled to a life-time lease of the champion belt for lying—that is, not lying exactly, but exaggerating. But it seems he has been beaten, and that by a woman, which he is perfectly willing to concede. It does seem strange, in fact humiliating, that roosters and gobblers should grow disgusted with their sex and transmogrify their gender. Ours is truly a sad lot.

The officers on Monday arrested a drunk who would neither be led nor driven, and obstinately refused to be persuaded. He all at once became so very drunk as to lose all use of himself, when a wheelbarrow was obtained in which he was placed and carried to the lockup. Our Marshal can engineer a wheelbarrow with a skill far surpassing the ordinary Hibernian, and we don't care where the latter comes from.

It is our custom to publish the proceedings of every Convention in full, as matter of news. On the assembling of the New Party Convention we requested the Secretary to furnish us a copy of the proceedings, which he readily consented to do, and as we then thought him to be a reliable gentleman, we made no further provisions. We must have been mistaken however, as he carried the minutes to Knights Landing, and we have seen nothing of them. It is possible, however, that the Convention would prefer not to have them go before the public.

Elder B. A. Stephens preached the closing discourse at the tent Sunday to a very large congregation, immediately after which it was taken down and since been taken to another place. It has been here five weeks, and never before in the same length of time has there been more, if so much, clear Bible truth preached in Woodland as during this short campaign. Some fruit has resulted, about twenty having signed the covenant to keep all the Commandments of God and the Faith of Jesus. And seed has been sown that will doubtless bring forth more fruit hereafter.

A gentleman from Madison says that town is fast becoming a favorite summer resort—for mosquitoes.

Ladies, don't fail to look at A. Nickelsburg & Bro's. new stock of Embroideries, just received.

It was rumored on the street the other day that Dennis Kearney had been killed. The report is only true so far as Dennis is concerned politically.

New Constitution Cigars at St. Louis' Variety Store. Best in Woodland.

The Sacramento *Bee* has donned a new and handsome dress. The *Bee* has become a very popular State journal and well merits the reputation it has acquired.

C. Barr has just received a new supply of those fine Green Seal Cigars.

The Workingmen's Joint Senatorial Convention will be held in Davisville on Saturday, June 28th, 1879, to nominate a candidate for Joint Senator for Yolo and Solano counties.

The machine shop of A. Weaver presents quite a lively appearance. Several threshers and engines are undergoing repairs, and the air in the neighborhood is filled with the sound of the hammer.

Persons desiring to purchase the Fancher & Judson self-heating sad iron can leave their orders at Mack Webber's Drug Store and they will meet with prompt attention by the agent.

In addition to the $300 reward offered by the Sheriff of Napa county for the arrest and conviction of Jacob Fuqua, who murdered Chas. R. Rice at Knoxville, June 2nd, the Governor has offered a reward of $200.

Many of the Woodland "bloods" have doffed their white shirts and paper collars and enlisted in the harvest field. The boys realize the benefit to result from good wholesome labor, and are not ashamed to use their "muscle."

Carey Barney says he is well pleased with our new appelation of the H. B. party—the "Foxtail"—as it is symbolic of a rapid spread. True enough; but it is also true that it never attains more than a mushroom growth and always yields best in the foulest places.

We were suddenly stopped on the street by a stranger who wanted to know where he could find Woodland. He was immediately taken to the Hospital, and under skillful medical treatment he may possibly recover, but not in time to derive any benefit from the coming harvest.

Hiller was working a couple of members of the chain gang on the Public School grounds the other day, when they unlocked their chains and fled in the direction of a thicket, Hiller taking the opposite direction. The escaped convicts have not since been heard of. Hiller, however, returned.

We learn that some parties have been using giant powder to capture fish in Cache Creek. Such a practice deserves condemnation in the strongest terms; besides there is a law making it a misdemeanor, and if such parties should be caught perpetrating the offense they will doubtless receive the benefit of the Code.

Everything is progressing swimmingly for the celebration of the Fourth. The various committees are active in the matter and are rapidly perfecting the arrangement for an enthusiastic demonstration. The Horribles have already selected their officers of the day and the citizens will select theirs in a short time.

At the Elite Cigar Store, Chas. Charmak proprietor, may be found the most desirable varieties of Cigars, Tocacco, Pipes, etc., at figures that defy competition. Try them and be convinced.

What Carey meant by "retiring," when he made a promise that he would not stand in the way of Mr. Rahm for Sheriff, was to *retire from the Republican party*. At least, the sequel shows that he did do just that thing by accepting the nomination at the hands of another party.

Ingratitude is not only contemptible in the eyes of all men, but is positively wicked. The worst instance of this kind we know of is on the part of those candidates upon the Foxtail ticket who have had extra favors showered upon them by the old parties for years, and which they now repay by going over to the enemy.

The Tackney House has changed hands and L. H. McDonald is now proprietor of that well known hotel. The new landlord is a man of experience in the hotel business and understands how to give good satisfaction to his patrons. Mr. Tackney will now give his entire attention to the Capital Hotel, of which he is landlord and proprietor.

Messrs. Charmak & Levy have enlarged their store by adding new shelves to their grocery department and extending their dry goods and shoe departments farther back, to ward the rear of the building. Windows of course will be placed in the rear and both sides will be lined with shelves, making it handier for clerks and enlarging the salesroom.

Mr. Blowers the pioneer raisin grower is experimenting in his vineyard near Woodland, Yolo County, with various manures. First, a strip where common barnyard manure is used, then blood and bones from the slaughter yards, then bones alone, then sheep manure, and so on. We hope to have some report this season as to the result of these experiments.

"Mania officio" is a disease that often afflicts the political fancy of men who have been once favored by official endowment, and the malady often assumes such a fanatical phase as to render the contortions of its victims most excruciating and nothing short of an open dethronement and utter abandonment at the hands of his deluded supporters can alleviate the fanatical sufferer.

A correspondent informs us that in a certain town, not outside of Yolo County, a collection was taken and several dollars donated for the pupose of getting up a church festival. The funds were placed in the hands of the pastor who left the town on the following day, leaving the citizens to engineer the festival themselves. We suppress names and locality, as we cannot vouch for the truth of the matter.

Night before last a gentleman living near Merrits was returning home on horseback from Woodland, and when about midway between the two places he was stopped by two highwaymen and ordered to surrender any valuables he might have in his possession. Fortunately he only had on his person two or three dollars, which they took together with a plug of tobacco, and went their way rejoicing.

D. M. Burns has received the nomination on the Republican ticket for State Secretary. Mr. Burns has served two terms as County Clerk of Yolo County, and in his official capacity has acquired many warm political friends and admirers who will hail his nomination with pride and satisfaction. We believe he is eminently qualified to fill the position to which he aspires, if elected, and we know of no other Republican whom we would rather see in the position.

The rough board fence that surrounds the Court House grounds is in great contrast in point of comeliness, to the magnificent yard which it environs. Would it not be a good idea to build a neat and handsome fence in place of the old one, which would add greatly to the attractiveness of the premises? After so much labor has been expended in beautifying the grounds this other much needed improvement should not be neglected.

The Lake *Democrat*, published at Lakeport, says: "H. Wambole passed through Lakeport Sunday morning with a thousand young eel-fish that he had procured from Fish Commissioner Redding, for the purpose of stocking the Blue Lakes (near Clear Lake.) The fish were as lively as crickets, only one out of the thousand dying. One hundred of them were placed in the upper lake and the balance of them in the lower lake. Mr. Wambold endeavored to procure some young carp, but there were none to be had.

Mosquitos are unusually annoying this summer.

C. C. Ridding died of sun-stroke at Wilger's ranch, this county, on Friday last.

Miss Millie Robinson has gone to Napa to spend the summer there with friends.

It is Evans so, that the fight is not always to the strong nor the race to the Swift.

D. L. Hackett requests us to state that the *Standard* will not appear until Saturday next.

The Union Bakery has placed a large sign over the sidewalk in front of the establishment.

We learn that Frank Goodin, living near Knights Landing, was yesterday thrown from a horse and dangerously injured.

Kaminsky, the man who entered a house at Knights Landing the other night, was tried before Judge Sibley Friday and fined $20.

Candidates may be seen at any corner of the street watching with an anxious eye the movements in the political arena around them.

Charles Calhoun was yesterday tried before Judge Sibley on a charge of disturbing the peace, and sentenced to 24 days in the chain gang.

Mr. Alf. Pennington, formerly "local" of this paper, is now sojourning at Davisville, having recently returned from a trip to Oregon.

The other day we saw Jack Hall polishing his Henry rifle, and we'll wager a ten cent piece that he will be in the mountains after deer before a week.

The Justice Court was occupied Friday forenoon in the case of Mrs. Ricker, charged with disturbing the peace. The case was postponed until to-morrow.

We recently noticed four separators at the workshop of A. Weaver, undergoing repairs. Workmen were also engaged on other machinery for the harvest field.

The Marysville *Appeal* of Sunday says: "Bill Dadd passed down on Friday, and we understand has gone to Woodland to marry one of Yolo's prettiest." Wonder who it is?

We do not hesitate to pronounce John Pendegast the best billiard player in Woodland. He yesterday made a run of one, and that under very unfavorable circumstances.

County Assessor Bonner wants it distinctly understood that poll taxes must be paid before the first day of July, or he will be compelled by law to demand three dollars instead of two.

A couple of men entered the laundry of Quong Lee yesterday evening and created a panic among the Chinese inhabitants. Before the officers arrived, however, they had absconded.

The injuries sustained by Henry Pennington, of which we have already made mention, seem to be more serious than at first apprehended, and grave fears are entertained for his recovery.

The Democratic Central Committee met on Friday and nominated D. N. Hershey for Assemblyman, upon the declination of J. H. Harlan, and G. H. Grant was nominated for District Attorney.

Almost every day we notice persons living on the river coming into town with wagon loads of spuds for market. They are of a fine quality and we are told they can be produced with profit to the cultivator.

We are told that in some parts of Hungry Hollow, where the grain was very ripe, considerable of the wheat was shelled out by the north wind. Around Woodland, however, not much damage was done.

Jackson's self propelling thresher was out on trial Friday evening, and worked satisfactorily. The trap-wagon, seperator and derrick are all drawn by the engine, and no horses are used at all. It is quite a valuable contrivance.

We notice that several of our nimrods are preparing for extended trips to the mountains. The game law expires on the first of July, when we may expect to see a host of townsmen making for the mountain resorts.

George Geary denominates the party which nominated their ticket yesterday the "Foxtail Party," which designation we think very applicable, and would advise the adoption of the word "Foxtail" as the battle-cry of the regular parties.

"Colors seen by candle-light will not appear the same by day." This is what is said by those who left the new party since the Convention met. It has cast quite a different light on matters and they see through the fraud very plainly.

When the course of the ring leaders of the Convention of the "Foxtail" party is considered, we are not at all surprised that the minutes of the meeting were withheld from publication until they were modified in some of their objectionable features.

A threshing Machine, together with all the belongings, owned by the McClure Bros., was burned while at work near Berlin, Colusa County, last Wednesday. The loss is estimated at over $2,000. The fire originated by the wind carrying sparks from the engine.

We see by San Francisco exchanges that the City of Tokio arrived in that port last Monday, bringing 1020 Chinese passengers, from which we infer that Dennis Kearney is not meeting with much success in the way of frightening the moon-eyed sons of the Flowery Kingdom.

The April number of the "Printer's Cabinet," issued quarterly by S. P. Rounds, Chicago, is received. It is undoubtedly the best publication of the Kind issued. It is a model of typographical execution and full of good reading matter. All editors and publishers value it highly.

The fact that the "Foxtail" party went over to the Republican leaders for some of their important nominations is enough to brand the movement a fraud, and disgust every Democrat who has been led to affiliate with that party. It is simply a snare to catch Democratic votes.

The grass on the Public School grounds has been burned, and the premises otherwise improved. It seems that those having the matter in charge allowed the fire to crisp the trees, which may result in their destruction. We hope, however, no injury will result from the endeavor to beautify the grounds.

There were three candidates before the Republican State Convention for the office of Secretary of State, who received the following number of votes, respectively: D. M. Burns, 269; Drury Melone, 71; Martin, 51—and that on the first ballot, showing that Mr. Burns is very popular with Republicans throughout the State.

A great many of our farmers this year are having a large quantity of hay baled to be preserved through another year. In the event of a dry season this feed will be of immense value, and farmers should avail themselves of the opportunity and guard against such an emergency—as hay is now plentiful and can be kept over without much difficulty.

"Who is the best man to entrust with the building of a bridge, the man who wants it or the man who don't want it?" defiantly asks an exchange. That's not the question at all. The bridge is already built; and what now is to be determined is whether those who conscientiously opposed it should be totally deprived of the use of it, or shall they stand back and let the new monopoly run it all their own way?

We have already given a portion of the State Republican Ticket but will here give the nominations of the Convention in full: G. C. Perkins, of San Francisco, for Governor; Gen. John Mansfield, of Los Angeles, for Lieutenant Governor; D. M. Burns, of Yolo, for Secretary of State; D. M. Kenfield, of Tuolumne, for Controller; John Well, of Sierra, for Treasurer; A. L. Hart, of Colusa, for Attorney General; J. W. Shanklin, of Alameda, for Surveyor General; Frank Gross, of San Francisco, for Clerk of Supreme Court; F. M. Campbell, of Alameda, for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Samuel Hawk publishes a notice in this paper that he will apply for the establishment of a Ferry at Clarksburg.

A derrick wagon undertook to pass under the telegraph wire running from Wood's hardware store to the express office, but could not without much difficulty. The wire should be taken down, as it is no longer in use.

The unblushing inconsistency of the "Foxtail" party in selecting the cast off leaders of the two old parties does not augur well for the great reform that is to take place under its rule. O'Carey me back—where I long to be.

The programme for the Fourth of July celebration at Woodland, appears in this paper. Let everybody read it. There should, and no doubt will be, a rousing gathering. Let the whole county assemble and do honor to the glorious day.

Since the nomination of the new party ticket there has been a perceptible commotion on the political sea, and if the rupture in the new party ranks does not effect an irreparable injury to the H. B's. the signs are sadly at fault.

A man while trying the speed of his horse on the road running east of town last evening ran over a cow in the twilight and was thrown from his horse. He was pretty badly bruised up but not seriously injured. The cow will probably recover.

The Republicans of Solano county have nominated Frank A. Lerch for Senator; for Superior Judge, J. E. Abbott, Sheriff, S. C. Farnham; Clerk, Joel A. Harvey; Treasurer, Wm. B. Hoyt; Recorder, Fred P. Weinman; Auditor, Owen Moran.

It is said that Carey Barney two years ago gave his word and honor as a gentleman that he would not again accept the nomination for Sheriff in any event. His acceptance on the "Foxtail" ticket has forever read him out of the Republican party.

The new party last Friday elected the following delegates to the State Convention: E Comstock, J. R. Lowe, J. M. Kelly, Harrison Gwinn, John Cronin. Alternates, William Bell, J. M. Rhodes, J. W. Snowball, William McHenry, Chas. Miller.

The Workingmen of Solano county have nominated C. F. Montgomery for Senator; Enoch Davis for Assemblyman; Superior Judge, J. M. Swan; Sheriff, Ausar Clark; Clerk, H. B. Ammons; Assessor, J. M. Elliott; Treasurer, Daniel O'Connor; Recorder, G. W. Wilson.

The Berger Family performed in Woodland Wednesday June 18, before a large and most delighted audience. No artists ever succeeded in making a more generally favorable impression on their audience, if we are to judge from the storms of applause that interspersed the entire programme, which was varied, and every feature presented in a thoroughly artistic manner.

The salmon cannery at Washington shut down last week, not being able to obtain a sufficient number of fish to keep the establishment in operation, the run being very light just now. It generally improves in July, however, and the cannery will probably have a little more work before the "close season" commences. So far this season the cannery has put up between 15,000 and 20,000 fish, for which an average of 25 cents each was paid.

Stegall says the new party ticket comprises the backbone of the Republican and Democratic parties, and is the best ticket ever placed before the people of this county. This of course is a simple matter of opinion and is open to contradiction. It is possible that the "Foxtail" ticket is composed, as he says, of the backbone of the old parties, but the component parts were certainly taken from near the dorsal extremities. Now, don't you think so, Stig?

We have been shown a bunch of diamond wheat grown on the ranch of David Kyle, near Davisville. The stalks measure nearly six feet and the heads about six inches long. We counted thirty-seven heads from one kernel. Mr. Kyle says he sowed a single handful and the yield will be several bushels. It is said that more of this wheat can be grown to the acre than any other kind, and it is not easily affected by drouth, besides the straw makes excellent feed. We think it a very valuable grain.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

The Fruit Cathartic.

Dr J. De Pratt's Hamburg Figs (medicated), can be obtained at the well known Drug Store of J. B. Elston. Price 25 cents per box. Hamburg Figs never fail to cure habitual constipation. je12d3m

Palace Restaurant for Sale.

On account of the death of my husband and a desire to withdraw from the business, I offer the old established and well known Palace Restaurant, which is doing a well paying business, for sale, containing twelve furnished rooms and everything in good order.

MRS. M. DAVIDSON.
Je6dw

BORN

In Knights Landing, June 15th, 1879, to the wife of David Plummer, a Son.

MARRIED.

In Woodland, June 17th, by Elder J. N. Pendegast, Charles I. Jacobs and Miss Ella M. Peck.

DIED.

In Knights Landing, June 17th, infant daughter of E. T. and N. C. Clowe, aged 5 weeks and 5 days.

Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum.

A compound fluid extract of Buchu, Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum, works wonders. All cases of Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, or retention of Urine, are entirely cured by the Nephreticum. Gravel, Diabetes, pain in the back, side and loin are cured when all medicines have failed. See what the Druggists of Portland and San Francisco say about Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum and English Dandelion Pills: "We have sold a large amount of Dr. Mintie's medicines; the English Dandelion Pills, also the Nephreticum, and in all cases they are highly spoken of and give entire satisfaction." John A. Childs, Druggist, Second street, Portland. C. H Woodward & Co., Druggists, corner First and Alder street, Portland. Messrs. Abrams & Carroll, wholesale Druggists, Nos. 3 and 5 Front street, San Francisco, say: "*We regard Nephreticum as the best Kidney and Bladder Remedy* before the public." All Druggists keep these medicines. For all derangements of the Liver, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. For Biliousness and Dyspepsia, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. For Fever and Ague, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. Every family should keep the English Dandelion Pills on hand. Dr. Mintie's remedies will not "Cure all Complaints," but will, if taken according to directions, give immediate relief and perfect a cure in all troubles for which they are recommended. Sold by Elston & White, Druggists. mh20dw

Solid Merit Will Tell.

The scarcity of Diamonds, Gold and Silver, and the difficulties met with in securing them is a sure indication of their value.

Thus it is with a valuable medicine, Dr. Aug. Kaiser's celebrated German Pulmonic Elixir, through the jealousy of rivals, has met with the most bitter opposition, and apparently almost insurmountable obstacles have been thrown in its way; but its opponents might as well try to change the course of the Sun, sweep back the Ocean with a broom or put out a prarie fire with a tear.

For the cure of Throat and Lung diseases, such as Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Bronchial Affections, it is unequaled. Its cures are truly magical. Ask your Druggists, ELSTON & WHITE, for it. The genuine bears the Prussian Coat of Arms, the fac-simile signature of Dr. Aug. Kaiser, and has his name blown on every 75-cent bottle. Trial bottle, 25 cents.

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DR. W. T. LUCAS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, over Thomas & Bidwell's Store, Main Street, Woodland. my12dw

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Approach of the End— Caucuses, Vetoes, Personal Explanation, and Party Vindication—A Second Extra Session Probable—A Veto of the Judicial Bill expected on Thursday—A Deadlock in the Senate Finance Committee—Mr. Bayard Firmly Obstinate.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 17th, 1879.

Less than a week ago it was the opinion of everybody that the extra session would not continue longer than to-day. Now it is believed that it will probably be continued until the first of July, and that adjourning then, a second extra session will probably be called. There seems to be a very general desire, I might say longing, for adjournment.

Everybody, but the hotels and boarding houses, is tired of Congress, and Congress is very weary of itself. This monotonous session of caucuses and vetoes, of personal explanation and party vindication, has nauseated practical people of both parties, and without presuming to fix the blame, (it takes two to make a quarrel), they feel that they have been treated to politics thickened with too little statesmanship.

While it is certain that the President will sign the Legislative and Army Appropriation Bills, it is a certainty that he will veto the Judicial Bill. The situation, therefore, seems to be about this: If the Senate agrees to a resolution, which will probably be reported on Wednesday by its Appropriation Committee, for adjournment on Friday next, the House will agree to it, and in the present temper of members will not reconsider its action if the Senate proposes to log on the Army Bill. Of course if the exigency arose that the Senate could not get through, it might extend the time several hours; but it would not extend it to an indefinite period or a period of much length.

The chances are that the Senate can get the army bill passed by Friday if it wants to. Should the President veto the judicial bill, which action is considered certain by both Republicans and Democrats, the question is, will he call Congress back to provide for the judicial expenses of the government? A week ago leading Republicans said he would not; that the money for United States courts was not needed until next October, and between that date and the date of the regular session could be tided over some way, and a deficiency appropriation bill might be passed early in December to meet whatever expenses might have been incurred. It is said though, upon more careful reflection the President has changed his mind. It is said that Attorney General Devens has said that the money for the federal judiciary would be required after July 1st next, and that unless Congress made some suitable provision the United States would have to go without juries in its courts; that it could not issue a writ, if necessary, and that there would be a dead-lock in the entire judicial system.

The week opens with this outlook: The judicial bill as it passed the House will probably be passed in the Senate to-day, without amendment. It will reach the President on Wednesday. The veto will probably be sent in on Thursday, but meanwhile both houses may have agreed to adjourn on Friday at noon. The Senate will work up to that point to dispose of the army bill, and if the House refuses to extend the time for adjournment on account of the veto of the judicial bill, it will rest with the President whether he will consider it necessary to convene the two houses again in session or not.

Probably the last caucus of the session will meet this forenoon; its object will be to consider the deadlock between Senator Bayard, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and the majority of his party in the Senate. At a recent caucus Senators Thurman, Garland and McDonald were appointed to confer with Senator Bayard, and endeavor to devise some means by which the silver bill should be reported without his resigning the Chairmanship of the Committee. The Senators met and had a long conference with Senator Bayard, but he refused to assent to any compromise. He said the silver bill had been voted upon in Committee, and he could not consent to anything that would change the statutes of the bill and contribute to its advancement. The three Senators will report the result of their talk with Senator Bayard in caucus to-day, and then the question of accepting his resignation will come up. It is thought his resignation will be accepted and that another Senator will be appointed in his stead. The advocates of the bill insist that Mr. Bayard hat obstinately opposed his individual opinion against the judgment of his party, that he had no right to bury the bill in Committee, and that he should have contented his conscience with an adverse report upon it.

C. A. S.

A GOOD PLAN.

Anybody can learn to make money rapidly operating in Stocks, by the "Two Unerring Rules for Success," in Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s new circular. The combination method which this firm has made so successful, enables people with large or small means to reap all the benefits of large capital and best skill. Thousands of orders, in various sums, are pooled into one vast amount and *Co-operated as a mighty whole*, thus securing to each shareholder all the advantages of the largest operator. Immense profits are divided monthly. Any amount from $5 to $5,000 or more, can be used successfully. N. Y. *Baptist Weekly* September 28th, 1878 says, "By the combination system $15 would make $75, or 5 per cent.; $50 pays $250, or 7 per cent.; $100 makes $1,000, or 15 per cent, on the stock, during the month, according to the market." *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, June 29th: "The combination method of operating stocks is the most successful ever adopted." *New York Independent* Sept. 12th: "The combination system is founded upon correct business principles, and no person need be without an income while it is kept working by Messrs. Lawrence & Co." *Brooklyn Journal*, April 29th: Our editor made a net profit of $101.35 from $20 in one of Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s Combination." New circular (mailed free) explains everything. Stocks and bonds wanted. Government bonds supplied. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y. je6w3m

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The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.,

THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879.

The Land of Nod.

Far away in the land of Nod,
Where only in dreams man's foot hath trod,
Dwells the slumber king on his shadow throne,
Where he patiently sits till day is done.
He rises and puts his thinking cap on.
Now as he thinks he does often smile,
And he busily nods his head the while;
Then the elves of sleep, as he sees them come,
Quickly lay hold of them, one by one,
And fly to the homes of earth, 'tis said,
Where they place a nod on each one's head,
Till the eyes can no longer keep open wide;
The head, with the weight, turns from side to side,
And little by little doth on them creep
The wondrous blessing of quiet sleep.

But ere the grown folks find repose,
The king's son, Jack Nod, on his tiptoes,
First comes to the children, the cunning elf,
And he brings the sand man as well as himself.

Then the poor, wee people rub, rub their eyes,
Until gentle sleep takes them by surprise,
And they never can tell of what they can think
Just the minute before their last blinky wink.

Sometimes in the day time, so I am told,
This same Jack Nod, so cunning and bold,
Throws dust in folks' eyes, the saucy chap,
Which makes them take what is called a nap.
—*The Churchman.*

Turkish Marriage Customs.

It would seem that in the marriage feast, the strict precepts of the Prophet with regard to what we nowadays call total abstinence are little observed:

"The whole evening is passed in the bridal house in one series of carousals, while the musicians and dancing girls do their very best to entertain the guests.

"Among the men, spirits replace the refreshment of rose water, which is extremely popular with the ladies. Mussulmans nowadays care but little for the strict interdict put by the Prophet upon spiritous liquors. They fancy that after centuries these laws have ended by repealing themselves, and have, in short, evaporated, leaving behind them as a neat residuum a certain amount of pure alcohol. At marriage feasts, especially, this happy faith finds fervent adherents, for, with the exception of the bridegroom and his father-in-law, we may be sure to find, after seven in the evening, the majority of the guests either lying upon the ground or reposing at their full length upon the divan."

The departure of the guests is followed by a *tete-a-tete* interview between the bride and bridegroom. It requires a master hand to depict such scenes with just regard to truth on the one hand and moral delicacy on the other. We shall, therefore, leave the newly-married pair within the nuptial chamber, to which they are conducted by a eunuch, holding a flambeau in his hand.

Our author thus speaks of the prospects of the "happy pair" now domiciled in their new home:

"After marriage comes business, after business, care. Such is the touch-stone by which we can unfailingly discern whether a marriage, such as we have described, has the sanction of right reason.

"There is a saying, 'The Turk first acts and then takes counsel.' It is an old one, and well known, being no less applicable to social than to political matters. A Turk does first what comes into his head, and afterwards is not slow to acknowledge he has committed an act of folly. All means are then allowable to get out of the scrape. Thus it is with marriage, and daily experience only brings out into bolder relief the truth of the proverb. Were it possible to arrive at the statistics of Turkish marriages, it would be found that out of ten unions contracted in the same year not more than one has a fortunate issue. Of the nine remaining, six end in divorce, and the three last are lost in the sinuous paths which are a necessary part of polygamy.

"A well-disposed, honest Turk may indeed say to himself, 'What is the use of such a number of wives? They do but bring multiplied troubles and misery. One woman is neither better nor worse than another. When I have got one I keep her, for in making a change I might have, perhaps, worse luck. My happiness and repose are of more importance to me than all the wives in the world. Why run any fresh risk in a matter of such importance?'"

These very practical views, this sound common sense, is the groundwork of the few happy marriages which are still to be found among Mussulmans. Not that even this implies anything like what would be called in a Christian land single-hearted devotion. Those, however, who are best acquainted with polygamy will not fail to acknowledge how manifold, even with such a drawback, are the advantages of a system in which one woman alone rules the establishment, and takes rank with the husband.

"The first cause of the inconstancy of the Turk, and the premature eclipse of married joys, is what I have above indicated. When a man is foolish enough to trust his destiny to the favor of the stars he need not be surprised if heavy clouds soon darken the skies of married existence. For after the first fortnight Izzet and his spouse" (to whom the author gives the name Zerah) "see dawning upon the horizon disquieting signs of misunderstandings. The cause is a mutual disenchantment. Two over-excited imaginations, suddenly brought into contact with real life, cannot fail to have on each other a chilling and bitter effect. Izzet finds out that Zerah is not in reality (far from it) the wonder so much boasted of by her mother, and Zerah, on her side, can but see in her dear Izzet a mortal not unlike other mortals who daily pass in front of her windows. Comparing him with the pompous phrases which had been made of his merits, he appears indeed to her but a rueful knight. This mutual disillusion has the natural effect of making the young couple sulky and a little spiteful, and this temper declares itself at first in disparaging remarks and altercations, and next reproaches, and then more serious differences.

"Among the indirect causes which tend to ferment discord, we may note the surroundings of the young people. Little room is there for wonder, if the mother and relations of Zerah do their best to excite the young woman against her husband. They are never tired of telling her 'that young man is trying to live with, and that he does not treat her—a beautiful person like her—as she deserves to be reated.'"

The husband is not likely long to be pleased with a sulky and discontented wife: "Influences of a corresponding kind are soon felt among the connections of Izzet Bey. According to their version, the young man has not experienced from his father-in-law, Hadji Usam, that regard which was his due. The family has been shabby to him. The presents made were barely worth mention. These affectionate parents do not even spare the young wife; hints are thrown out calculated to awaken the husband's jealousy; his mother, or some female family friend, will not hesitate to say to him—"Izzet, keep your eyes open, a certain friend of yours is very fond of walking abroad." Thereupon Izzet in a fury returns home, finds his wife prepared for a walk, tears off her veil, which he thinks too transparent, and satisfies his passion by sending her back with a box on the ear.

"Henceforth the harmony of wedded life is gone, for in spite of several well-intended "make ups," complaints and violence follow their appointed course. If my readers think that I exaggerate, I regret that I cannot take them with me into some of the quarters of Constantinople. There would they hear and see many things to confirm my testimony. One night, it would be the sound of music and revelry, mixed with shouts of laughter, and upon asking the reason, the answer would be, There is a marriage at Hadji Usam.

"It is hardly necessary to say that such arrangements are concluded without any formality, and that the understanding is complete without affixing any sort of signature.

"Zerah finds herself, then, one fine day established in the harem of Izzet Bey, with the title and honors of first wife. This distinction is not of great importance when a husband has only two wives, but when he has acquired several Zerah will rise in dignity. This cannot fail to happen, for one instant, one propitious instant, is enough to carry Izzet into a fresh marriage.

"Such a happy incident occurs in his Effendi's or some such name. Another night, frightful cries would suddenly wake them up, and cause them to rush to the windows in alarm. What is the matter? Oh, nothing worth mention. A row is going on at Hadji Usam Effendi's. The newly married couple have had a quarrel, and the husband is beating his wife."

In such circumstances it is as natural as common to think of divorce, for by the laws of Mahomet the woman can suggest no reason against it. The husband has only to repeat, as Abraham did to Hagar, "Be off!" and the separation is accomplished. More usual however, is the fashion to take a second wife, where means are not wanting to support her. Such is more especially the case with the first love, who is, in a wealthy family, generally a person of good connection, and, therefore, deserving of consideration. She is, also, by law, the mother of the future head of the family.

Of women, however, there is never a famine:

"Izzet, then, invoking the sanction of religion, sets forth in search of a second wife. The change causes him no difficulty, for by descending only a row or two in the social scale, he easily finds plenty of young girls ready to give him their hand. Fifteen days after the family decision had been made, it is announced that a second marriage of Izzet Bey with Chefikeh Hanum, the daughter of a wealthy rice merchant, has been decided upon. The second marriage is celebrated with fresh splendor, and its sound of triumph re-echoes far and wide, as if to give petty annoyance to Zerah and her family. The first wife, indeed, can scarcely hide her feelings of scorn. Quarrels, messages, shots of all kinds are fired off between Izzet and Zerah. At one moment it is he who is ordering her to appear, at another it is she who is requesting divorce. One says, "Come," the other, "Let me alone."

"The issue of the strife cannot be in question, for every advantage is on the side of the husband. He is installed to his heart's content in his new establishment, where the second wife showers upon him all her tenderness and care. As to the poor forsaken one, she is consumed by grief and bitterness, without power of flight, in the solitude of the harem. After several months passed in this way, the family of Zerah consents at length to hoist a flag of truce, and a treaty of peace is signed between the two parties, according to which the lady consents to re-join her husband, while he on his side engages to treat her with all that tenderness and respect to which a lawful wife has claim. As to Chefikeh, it is understood that she and Zerah shall live upon good terms, as is fitting in the case of two wives who love and serve the same master.

"It is hardly necessary to say that such arrangements are concluded without any formality, and that the understanding is complete without affixing any sort of signature.

"Zerah finds herself, then, one fine day established in the harem of Izzet Bey, with the title and honors of first wife. This distinction is not of great importance when a husband has only two wives, but when he has acquired several Zerah will rise in dignity. This cannot fail to happen, for one instant, one propitious instant, is enough to carry Izzet into a fresh marriage.

"Such a happy incident occurs in his promotion to the rank of Pacha. For some time the Grand Vizier has promised him a post of consideration. Reports to that effect had already been spread abroad, and the mother of Izzet was half mad with joy. To see her son Pacha had been the dream of her life, and faithful to the superstitions of her race she had made a vow that if the Lord would grant her this favor she would sacrifice several rams, and offer to the acceptance of the new dignitary a fair Circassian.

"No sooner said than done. No sooner is the Imperial firman issued than the good old mother, impatient to accomplish her vow, religiously consecrates to the Pacha, her son, a couple of rams and the aforesaid Circassian. Izzet could hardly with propriety reject this maternal present. He, therefore, accepts the beauty who is brought to him, and raises her to the rank of third wife. This marriage is celebrated quietly without noise or scandal. An iman and two witnesses are enough for the ceremony.

"As to the fourth wife, she, too, may very possibly fall into his arms by some unlooked-for circumstance. Let us imagine, for example, that a younger brother of Izzet's happens to die leaving his widow inconsolable. Izzet, in the character of an elder brother, takes her into his harem, and does his best to console her by marrying her. True enough, were she old and ugly he would readily transfer to some one else this duty of fraternal charity.

"These unions, called "of charity," are permitted, and even recommended by the Koran. Marriage in such a case becomes a charity like any other."—*Home Journal.*

The Baby Tower of Shanghai.

The baby tower. Look through that rent in the stone-work—not too close, or the stream of effluvia may kill you. You see a mound of wisps and bamboo straw. It seems to move, but it is only the crawling of the worms. Sometimes a tiny leg or arm, or a little fleshless bone, protrudes from the straw. The tower is not so full now as I have seen it; they must have cleared it out recently. Is this a cemetery or a slaughter-house? The Chinese say it is only a tomb. Coffins are dear and the peasantry are poor. When a child dies the parents wrap it round with bamboo, throw it in at the window and all is done. When the tower is full the proper authorities burn the heap and spread the ashes over the land. There is no inquiry, no check. The parent has power to kill or save. Nature speaks in the heart of a Chinese mother, but want and shame shout louder still. There is a foundling hospital in the Chinese city, with a cradle outside the door and a hollow bamboo above it. Strike a blow upon the bamboo and the cradle is drawn inside. If it contains an infant it is taken and cared for, and no questions asked. There is also a system of domestic slavery in China. At an early age a child is worth a dollar. A father or mother may for money delegate their own absolute power—delegate without losing it; for although the father may have sold his son to a stranger, or although a mother may have sold her daughter to prostitution—and concubines in China are only thus to be obtained—the duty from child to parent remains unimpaired, and is strictly performed. The incentives thus offered by Mammon and the alternative preferred by native charity may save lives that would otherwise be destroyed; but this baby tower is a terrible institution. It stands there, close to the walls of a crowded city, an intrusive invitation to infanticide.—*Golden Era.*

Educational Notes.

A bill making women eligible to the fices of superintendent of schools and school inspector has been passed by the Michigan House of Representatives.

There are 127 normal schools in Austria and Hungary; 115 in Italy; 45 in Russia; 41 in England; 33 in Belgium; 31 in Spain; 86 in France, and 32 in Switzerland.

The Illinois Senate has resolved to submit to the people the question of appropriating money to the support of normal schools, and it is believed that the House will concur.

The fifth winter session of the London School of Medicine for women lately closed with twenty-eight students in attendance. Ladies not medical students are admitted as occasional students.

Governor Roberts, of Texas, has vetoed the school interest and sinking fund items in the general appropriation bill passed by the legislature. This action practically closes the free schools of that State. The Governor holds that the taxes belong first to the maintenance of the Government, and after that to the schools.

Maryland has 1989 schools and 3071 teachers, instructing 156,274 pupils. The average attendance last year was 81,829. The expenditures for the schools amounted to $1,693,258 66. Secretary Newell, deploring the number of children out of school, recommends the establishment of a different sort of school for these neglected children, based on the idea of pecuniary advantage. He makes these suggestions concerning such schools: "As to hours: Two hours a day instead of six, at first. As to attendance: Irregularity no cause for loss of privileges, at first. As to dress: Rags no objection; even dirt tolerated, at first. As to methods of teaching: Oral and objective as far as possible. As to studies: Hand work made prominent; memory work diminished; music and drawing in large doses. As to other occupations: Calisthenic exercises; gymnastics and military drill; also some form of industrial occupation, leading finally to the acquisition of a trade. As to rewards: A pair of shoes to the shoeless when they are earned, and not sooner; no charity given, but payment made on a given scale for work done."

HOUSE INSECTS.—No insect which usually infests the house and crawls over the floors or woodwork can live under the application of hot alum water. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, and chintz-bugs. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire until the alum is all melted, then apply it with a brush (while nearly boiling hot) to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, etc. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the whitewash, it will keep off insects.—*American Garden.*

CHEESE BISCUITS.—Have a little puff or short paste ready, and sprinkle over it a little cayenne, and as much grated cheese as the dough will take; double up the paste, roll it out rather thin, glaze with egg, arrange on a buttered tin, and bake in a sharp oven till of a light yellow color.

PEAR SWEET PICKLE.—One pound of sugar and one pint of vinegar, seasoned with allspice and cloves. Boil twenty minutes; then drop in your pears and boil them ten minutes. Cover closely.

HAM OMELET.—Chop up fine one-half pound of cold boiled ham; add to it four eggs, well beaten, with a little salt and pepper; and then turn in the eggs and ham, and brown.

Water can be purified in a cistern by dropping in a large piece of common charcoal.

To soften the hard, dry putty in the windows, wet it with muriatic acid.

Turpentine will remove ink from white woodwork.

The island of Cyprus already exports barley to Great Britain and wheat to Italy, though the farming is said to be of the poorest description. Wine, oil, silk, tobacco, locust-beans, salt, wool, cheese, skins, cattle, linseed, cotton-seed, bones, raisins and manure are also among the exports.

Edison and Keely.

The revolution in illuminating power has that in motive power close at its heels. Keely's motor is far from being a forgotten thing. The stockholders in the new invention profess to have as much faith as ever in its success. A detailed report of the progress of the motor has recently been spread before the public, and it really makes affairs in that direction look encouraging. Much must be granted to the character of the men who take stock in the motor enterprise. In his own expressive language, he has "harnessed the power of vibration," and that is something with which the world is not familiar, and on whose results it cannot yet calculate. Between Keely and Edison there is necessarily much in common, although their chosen spheres of thought and work are so entirely different. Of Keely the public knows less, since from the first he has been less communicative than his contemporary. Edison has always appeared to be willing to show what he was doing, and to explain all he knew. Over the electric light he has been fully as enthusiastic as Keely has ever been over his motive force. His lamps have been freely exhibited to take the place of gas, light being made by incandescence, a metal or other substance being interposed in the circuit. The light-giving substance is an alloy of iridium with platinum, which shows that his is far from being a new thing in science. He uses in connection with this an invention of a regulator, to prevent the fusing of the substance placed in the circuit. This he calls an "automatic thermal regulator." Precisely what he aims to give is a cheap mode of generating electricity and divisibility of the electric current.

He now uses a three-horse power machine, which is still too expensive, and is at work on a generator which he says will produce a light by electricity that will cost not more than one-fifth of what gas costs. This generator he still keeps a secret from all others. So far he has got from his three-horse power machine sixteen lights, each of sixteen-candle power. He at last demonstrates that he has successfully solved the problem of the divisibility of the electric current in its application to incandescent lamps. So far, the public interest has been attracted to the light rather than to the generator. Mr. Edison has yet to satisfy the public of his ability to invent a machine that shall generate electricity cheaper than any other machine. This he ought to be able to do, if at all, by scientific calculations rather than by mechanical experimenting merely. But it is claimed for Mr. Keely that he has mastered both the practical generation and the practical utilization of his new force; and this would go very far towards proving that he is ahead of Edison in the revolution in motive power. The inventor of the new method of creating electric light lacks something towards completing the revolution in illuminating power. We hope he may not have to wait long to solve successfully the problem he is engaged in studying. It may be that he will have to apply to Gary's new discovery, which is the generation of power by the magnet in consequence of the newly ascertained law of the change of polarity in passing through what is now known as the "neutral line."—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Mental Photographs.

The sharp, clear views of Bismarck about persons and things are well illustrated by the following descriptions of noted personages taken from Busch's recent book. Their greatest merit is the few words he uses in expressing his idea.

He said Napoleon was a far kindlier man than he got credit for, but not a clever fellow, or a man of large views, with little intelligence or information; though he had lived and studied in Germany he was poor in geography; did not know what he wanted; would have been "plucked" for admission to the bar. When Bismarck was Ambassador at Paris, several years before, Napoleon said, "he is not a man of any consequence," of which Bismarck might if he had chosen, have reminded him "in the shed at Douchery" when he surrendered. Bismarck did not rate the Empress Eugenie's intelligence very high. Once, when she showed him and others her imperial apartments, he noticed that there wasn't a book or newspaper lying about anywhere.

Bismarck's opinions of men are always epigrammatic. He said of Count Von Arnim—this was before the diplomatic trouble with that gentleman—"he is like an India-rubber ball, which goes up and down, bounding and rebounding, always getting feebler until it stops entirely. First he had an opinion, then it got weaker when he had to meet his own objections, then an objection to his objections occurred to him, till there was nothing left, and the whole thing came to an end." Of Arnim's son-in-law, who lacked energy, he said: "There is not much of the rocket at the back of *him*." "Jules Favre," he said, "was like the German Waldeck, with phrases in the chest tones of conviction even about trifles. That impressed people. In a voice which quite shook with the earnestness of his feeling, he would declare that this spoon here was in this glass, and proclaim that every one who would not admit it was a scoundrel. Everyone admitted it and praised him in all possible keys for the energy of his nature."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT MAKES THEM HUM.—Most boys believe that the humming sound made by the telegraph wires is caused by the messages hurrying along to their destination. Most men believe that this sound is caused by the vibration of the wire in the wind. A writer in an Austrian journal, however, calls attention to the fact that one who gives close observation to both the wire and sounds will find that the latter made themselves obvious likewise when there is a total absence of wind; and in a quiet morning in winter, when the wires appear covered with frost to the thickness of a finger, they nevertheless carry on lively vibrations and swinging, while the air is totally quiet. According to this writer, therefore, the vibrations are due, not to the wind, but to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of the temperature induces a shortening of the wires, extending over the whole length of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus inducing sound, both in the wires and the poles.

To make a fine eye water—Stick an onion on it.

The Lost Comet.

An astronomer has many ups and downs in this world, although most people no doubt believe that it is mostly ups as far as looking is concerned. Professor Swift, of Rochester, a noted star-gazer, met with a serious loss a few weeks ago, and the worst is there is no insurance. He was scouring off the sky on a clear evening a month ago, when he suddenly discovered a comet. Now, a comet is not to be picked up every day, and the professor felt considerably elated. Comets are pretty high nowadays, and the genuine specimens without flaw or blemish are exceedingly scarce. The professor was overjoyed, and he was just preparing to mark it and put a sign, "Any person trespassing on this comet will be prosecuted—keep off the grass," when suddenly a cloud came in the way. What pen can describe the scene that ensued? Swift loudly called for help, but it was a time when no one was up except robbers or astronomers, and no one came. The situation was critical. If he went up on a ladder and shoved away the clouds there would be no one to tend to the telescope business. The comet, in the most cowardly manner, took advantage of the professor's dilemma, and made off. At least, it is thought so, because the cloudy weather lasted several weeks, and when the professor got his astronomical shot-gun in order again, the celestial bird had flown. Professor Swift ought to advertise for the lost comet. A reporter interviewed the bereaved philosopher, and between his sobs the star-finder said that the comet was of uncommon appearance (all lost fish are big), and that it was in the same field with Etna Eridani. Of course, the comet must have got out of that field in some manner or other while the professor was attending to the clouds, and this is another great argument for keeping fences in order. Meanwhile, if any person happens to meet a comet of uncommon appearance, without a brand on it, the finder will confer a great favor on Professor Swift by putting a little salt on the comet's tail, and telegraphing at once for the disconsolate astronomer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Point of Etiquette.

An amusing farce, illustrating the absurdity of the so-called code of honor, was once played in the War Office at Washington. The scene opened at the beginning of the war of 1812, and the players were Dr. Eustis, Secretary of War, and Gen. Hampton, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, then commanding the army in the South.

An unpleasant official correspondence between himself and the secretary had irritated Gen. Hampton. Being, however, in Washington, official etiquette made it his duty to call on his superior officer. He went to the War Office, and as soon as his name was announced, the secretary came forward with extended hand to receive him.

The general bowed, and crossed his hands behind him. An official conversation ensued, which soon became a friendly chat. After an hour's interview, the general rose to depart, and extended both hands to the secretary. It was now Dr. Eustis's turn; he bowed, and crossed his hands behind him.

Men of good sense would have said, "The game of quits has ended." Not so did Gen. Hampton consider it; with him it was just begun. He sent for pistols and two friends. A challenge was conveyed to Dr. Eustis, who accepted and named his friends. Both of the would-be duelists were old men, but both were ready to fight on a point of etiquette, which, if noised abroad, would make them the laughing-stock of the town.

The friends determined to settle the quarrel. They arranged that Gen. Hampton should present himself at the War Office door, and be met by Dr. Eustis, with both hands extended, which hands the general should receive in both of his. They might have appropriately added, "and both parties shall refrain from laughing, if they can."

A gentleman of Boston has made an offer to the farmers' boys of York County, Maine, which will doubtless stimulate interest in agriculture, and aid in training a class of enterprising young farmers. He offers prizes—the first of $100, the second of $50, and five prizes of $10 each—for the largest crop of Indian corn on lots of one-eighth of an acre each. The conditions are that the contestants must have lived in York County at least two years; must be under seventeen years of age on the 1st of June; must enter their names with the President of the York County Agricultural Society on or before May 1; must do all the work themselves, except that they may have help to drive the team in plowing or cultivating; and must at the end of the season make a report, giving a detailed account of the land used, and of their processes of cultivation. They may use as much of any kind of fertilizer as they please. The corn is to be measured under the direction of the President of the County Agricultural Society, whose decisions and awards must be final. If such prizes were offered to boys of other States, the effect would soon be seen in improved methods of cultivation.

It is mentioned as a curious fact that Jerome Bonaparte, on the whole, made the best match ever seen in his family up to that time. Miss Patterson was the accomplished daughter of a wealthy and highly respected merchant, while every one of the brothers or sisters of her husband had married persons of low birth or doubtful respectability. Thus, Joseph Bonaparte had married the daughter of a soap-merchant at Marseilles; Napoleon himself had married the former mistress of Barras; Lucien, an ex-chambermaid at an inn in St. Maximin, near Toulon; Eliza, the son of a coffee-waiter and billiard-marker (Baccicocchi;) Matilda, an ex-hostler (Murat) at an inn three miles from Cahors; Paulina, (Borghese,) the bastard son of an itinerant wool-dealer, (Leclerc,) whose brother had been hanged for robbery. Supposing Jerome to have acted in good faith, and to have privately debated the subject with his brothers, he might indeed have made a case against them.

Edison considers his electric lamp as practically completed, and it is said he will now turn his attention to the magneto-electric machine with a view to increasing its generating power.

A hangman being asked by a stranger what trade he pursued, replied that he was a finisher.

Busy Birds.

It is a well-admitted fact by all my laborers that my best and thickest crops are in immediate proximity to the fowl-house, commencing at only ten yards distant. Yes, but see how they are scratching up the seed corn, and what a mess they make. Well, I have seen them at work between the rows of young wheat (and I only put in a bushel per acre at nine inches apart), and I find in nine cases out of ten that they are in search of insects, and they do find them. Gardeners who are sensitively particular about the appearance of their gardens, and hate fowls, see, however, what takes place. An intelligent chemist took to a garden where insects had long and undisturbed sway, and devoured everything. He was fond of poultry, and understood their habits, therefore he gave them free access to his garden; they cleared off the enemy, and he had plenty of everything. No doubt but there are times when you would protect your fruit, or your shallow-sown seeds. In my case I sometimes employ a boy for a fortnight immediately after drilling close to the poultry house, but even when I have not done so, I have scarcely been inconvenienced if the grain was properly deposited by the drill. The hen coops and brood of chickens are always placed on a patch of grass edging the wheat or barley fields; and if, when the crops are ripe, they help themselves to a few sheaves, I know they are good customers, for they must be fed like sheep, or pigs, or cattle; and they always sell for double the price per pound, although they cost less to produce. Partridges are great friends to farmers, although they don't always believe it. There is no surer sign of imperfect tillage than when you hear of birds and game getting out the seed. What I call imperfect tillage is plowing the land and then merely scratching the surface with wooden harrows, so that the seeds are close to the surface, and under them are unbroken furrow-slices—long, hard lumps of undivided and unbroken earth, in the case of strong soils almost as tough and impenetrable as weather-boarding. In my case I always use heavy iron harrows and deep-steeled teeth that cut the furrow-slices into mold, or sometimes cultivate with the cultivator harrow before drilling, and generally the surface has been well scarified before plowing, so that the seed is not only properly deposited, but where it grows the young fibers find mold below to work in.—*Corr. Farmers' Journal.*

Something About Bonnets.

There is no reason why a bonnet should cost six times as much as a man's hat. When, too, a woman has laid in a stock of feathers and ribbons, it is very easy to make a pretty bonnet, provided she possesses requisite taste. Without taste, of course, a woman will always make a fright of herself. Possessed of it, she can have half a dozen bonnets for the price of one Virot. Now, dear, don't send to me for any more Paris hats. Take your models from your extravagant friends, and copy them with variations of your own. What I can do in this line you can, for no one ever accused me of being a milliner. As to shapes, choose what you like—there never was so much liberty of selection as now. Variety is the order of the day, and no face need be at a loss to find what is becoming. Worth was talking about this very subject the other day. He said women were fools to act like a flock of sheep; that he for one always consulted individual physique, but he found the greatest difficulty in making his clients wear what best suited them. "Because I invent a beautiful costume for a young and graceful woman, should it be worn by a fat dowager? But the dowager will have it, spite of all entreaty. There are no old women and very few middle-aged ones. As for fat women, they don't exist. All want to wear tight-fitting white gowns, and beauties they look. If there is anything that displays crow's feet and overflowing figures that need reefing, it is white; but, goodness gracious! There's no use talking—I have given it up. The only way to live in peace is to let women have their own way. You accuse me of a determination to revive crinoline—nothing of the sort; but I'm disgusted with these pull-back dresses, in which you can neither sit down nor walk freely. A glove-fitting gown is very well for a fine, lithe figure, but how many women possess this requisite? Such a costume on skeletons or the opposite extreme is repulsive, so I've revived a small panier, and make skirts fuller in the back. That's all. People say I set the fashions. I don't. A clever actress studies her style, appears in something admirably suited to it, and the rest of your sex copy her blindly. It's really too dreadful." Worth is such fun when he goes on like this, and he's awfully shrewd, I can tell you. His perceptive faculties are very keen. He says times are extremely dull; that the imperialists and royalists won't spend any money on the republic, and that the republicans haven't any to spend, so luxurious art goes to the wall.—*London Times.*

BOILED APPLES.—A friend who knows about good things to eat, writes us that about the nicest morsel that ever tickled the palate, is a boiled apple—not boiled like a potato, nor steamed like a pudding, but as follows: "Place a layer of fair-skinned Baldwins—or any nice variety—in the stew-pan, with about a quarter of an inch of water. Throw on about one-half cup sugar to six good-sized apples, and boil until the apples are thoroughly cooked and the syrup nearly thick enough for jelly. After one trial no one would for any consideration have fair-skinned apples peeled. The skins contain a very large share of the pictous—jelly-making—substances, and impart a flavor impossible to obtain otherwise." He also says that "A wise housekeeper instead of throwing away the skins and cores of sound pie apples would use them for jelly. A tumblerful of the richest sort can thus be obtained from a dozen apples. Boil the skins, etc., a few minutes, and strain. Add a little sugar to the liquid, and boil until right to turn into the tumbler."—*Golden Rule.*

A good wash for the teeth is made by putting equal parts of borax and camphor gum into a bottle of water and letting it stand for a short time before using.

HAM BALLS.—Chop fine cold cooked ham; add an egg for each person; a little flour; beat together; make into balls, and fry brown in hot butter.

Bleeding of a wound in man or beast can be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth.

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The very best in market; all sizes on hand.

Tin and Sheet-Iron Roofing, Gas Fitting and Plumbing in all their branches. All work guaranteed.
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SIGN OF THE BIG TEAPOT ja1w

WOODLAND BAKERY,
OTTO SCHLUER, Proprietor.
Families supplied with Fresh Bread, Crackers Cakes, etc.
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Bakery on First street,
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J. A. Wilson,
FURNITURE DEALER,
Gives notice to his old customers and the public generally that he has removed to
111 J. STREET,
A few doors above his old place, in the same block, where he has a splendid Stock of Furniture of all kinds. Give him a call.
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SACRAMENTO.
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W. LEVY,
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General Merchandise,
AT LANGVILLE AND MADISON.
Has on hand at BOTH these places Heavy Stocks of
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FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES,
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Watchmaker and Jeweler,
79 J Street, Sacramento,
BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH STREETS,
Invites attention to his
Magnificent Stock of Genuine Sterling Silverware.
Ornamental and for the Table—925 fine, warranted to retain its beautiful whiteness and not change to a greyish shade, like coin quality of Silver Forks and spoons.
JEWELRY.—My selection is one of the rarest and most valuable in the State, in Diamond Sets, Stone Cameo, Amethyst, Coral and Solid Gold Sets.
RINGS.—An endless variety of every description from plain Solid Gold to the most elegant Diamond Settings.
CHAINS.—Opera, Neck Opera Guard, Chatelain and Vest Chains, all the new elegant patterns.
SUNDRIES.—Lockets, Charms, Seals, Sleeve-Buttons, Studs, Collar Buttons, Gents' Gold Headed Walking Canes, etc.
WATCHES.—Chronometers, Chronographs (quarter and one fifth second) for timing horses, fine English and Swiss watches, American watches from the best manufactories, which I will foward to any part of the country at factory prices.
CLOCKS.—From the plainest to the finest French pendules.
DEALERS in these articles from the interior will be allowed a liberal discount.
Orders Promptly Filled.
Chronometers, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by the best of workmen and warranted.
My customers enjoy this advantage, I purchase my goods for cash from the factories and sell them cheaper than any other dealer here.
Remember the Sign of the Town Clock.
79 J Street, Between 3d and 4th.
ja10w

HURRAH FOR MADISON!
A. HAINES'
New Departure!
Having moved into my NEW AND ELEGANT STORE, I have resolved to change my system of selling goods and henceforth sell only
FOR CASH!
It will be seen that by adopting this method I am enabled to
SELL MUCH CHEAPER
Than any *other House in the Town* and also to keep
MUCH BETTER GOODS!
My stock, as heretofore, will consist of
Dry Goods, Clothing,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
AND MACHINERY.
Call and examine my NEW STOCK. I am confident I can satisfy the most fastidious customer, both as to the quality of Goods and their Cheapness.
The Cash System is the Only System.
Examine my Stock before going elsewhere.
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CAPITAL HOTEL,
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Corner of K and Seventh Streets.
This Hotel having been newly refitted and refurnished is now ready to offer superior accommodations to families as well as the traveling public. FREE OMNIBUS TO AND FROM THE HOTEL.
no1w1y BLESSING & GUTHRIE, Prop.

SAN FRANCISCO ITEMS.

The Sutter-street cable road now runs through to Buchanan street.

The internal revenue collections in the San Francisco district last week amounted to $36,135, making a total since January 1st of $919,945.

The friends of J. C. Duncan are making strong efforts to have him released on bail, but find the $113,000 hard to obtain. Two of his attorneys are said to have signed as bondsmen.

The body of an infant only a few days old was found floating in the bay, not long since, wrapped up in fine attire and inclosed in a black enameled hand-bag. It was taken to the morgue.

A small explosion took place at the Safety Powder Works during some experimenting on cartridges. An alarm was turned in from box 219, but the department had nothing to do on arriving there.

The California Academy of Sciences gave a reception to George W. De Long, U. S. N., commanding steamer *Jeannette* of the Arctic Expedition. Dr. A. B. Stout read a paper on Arctic explorations.

Jose Diss, en route to Napa, was brought into the City Prison the other day by Sheriff S. Orton of Santa Cruz. Jose is possessed of an idea that he is standing on a precipice and that he is momentarily to fall over it.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express announces a great reduction in rates of tariff on all the lines in the United States over which it transports freight. The new schedule has been prepared for distribution in handsome style on a large card.

A circular from Archbishop Alemany was read in all the churches last Sunday, announcing that Pope Leo XIII. has extended the time for the gaining of the jubilee indulgence until the end of next August for all the faithful out of Europe.

During the month of May the Central Pacific Railroad carried 2,613 through passengers bound East, and 4,080 bound West, making a total of 6,693 and a net gain to the coast of 1,467. This is the heaviest travel of any month this year so far.

The elegant private residence of Milton S. Latham on Folsom street, between Second and Third, was offered for sale at auction. The first bid was $40,000, which was increased to $52 500, when the property was withdrawn, the price offered being ridiculously low.

During the last week there were 72 deaths, of which 43 were of males and 29 of females. Natives of California, 23; of other parts of the United States, 16, and 31 were of foreign birth, including 7 Chinese. The mortality in the city the corresponding week last year was 96.

A grand international athletic tournament will shortly take place under the auspices of the various amateur athletic clubs of the Pacific coast, at which several valuable prizes will be given to the successful competitors. The following handicap races will be run: 100 yards, five miles, one-quarter mile, one-half mile, 100, 150, and 200 yards.

During the month of May there were 29 actual fires, 3 false alarms and 2 second alarms in this city, and 34 buildings were destroyed or partially burned. The total loss was $50,727 10, including $30 376 by the destruction of a tannery at South San Francisco, and $12,628 15 at the carriage material storehouse on Spear street. The total insurance was $146,633 33.

The conference between the Mayor and Supervisors and the Trustees of the Free Public Library took place Thursday, the object being to get the Supervisors, if possible, to make an appropriation for the maintenance of the library. The conference ended without any further agreement being reached.

The steamer *El Capitan* has been fully repaired and will be replaced on the Oakland ferry line soon. Thirteen water-tight compartments have been placed in her, which will tend to render her almost water-proof from any accident. The company intend placing water-tight compartments in all of their steamers as soon as convenient.

Alterations have recently been made in the steamer *City of New York*, by which her carrying capacity is considerably increased. When she sailed for Sydney on Monday last she took 800 tons more freight than ever before. Her passenger accommodations have also been improved. The *City of Sydney* will be subjected to similar changes on her arrival at this port.

The *British Envoy*, which arrived in port from Calcutta, reports having had a very stormy voyage. She went through two hurricanes, in which she shipped heavy seas and sustained serious damage. The seas stove in the starboard and port lifeboats, the starboard side of the house forward and the cabin doors, and carried away the poop stanchions and ladders, besides doing other injury.

The Street Committee, at a recent meeting, had under consideration the proposition of the Park Commissioners to accept the control and management of Point Lobos road. It was decided to turn over the road to the commissioners, and to pay them $350 per month to keep it in repair, and the board to draw warrants for the Park Commissioners to pay the indebtedness incurred in keeping the road in condition.

An immense throng gathered at Woodward's Gardens, Sunday, to witness the ascent of Prof. S. H. Calgrove in his monster balloon "General Grant," accompanied by Mr. Wm. Carson, a journalist of this city. The aeronauts descended unhurt in Cull Canyon, on Atherton's ranch, three miles north of Haywards, a little after 5 o'clock. Whether the fourth commandment was obeyed or violated, the reader may judge.

Registrar Kaplan has addressed a communication to Attorney General Hamilton soliciting his opinion on the points raised at the meeting of the Election Commissioners. It appears that Supervisor Holland claims also that the provision of the new Constitution, which makes residence of twelve months in the State and three months in the city a necessary voting qualification, goes into effect on the 4th of July next. If this point, which has also been submitted for the Attorney General's opinion, is sustained, thousands of our native-born citizens will be deprived of a vote in September next.

It is expected that much interest will be taken by the Pacific Coast in the World's Fair at Sydney, Australia, the coming September. In order that intending exhibitors may be accommodated, the Australian line of steamers offer to carry exhibits there at full rates, returning them free of charge. Round trip tickets will also be sold at greatly reduced rates, and "round the world" tickets will be offered at as heavy a discount. At present the company is selling round-trip tickets to Honolulu and Australia at 10 per cent off. The reduction to go into effect soon will be much greater. During the past month or two travel has greatly increased on this line. Many English people have made the trip from England to Australia via this coast. The company fully appreciates the fact that this travel must be fostered and encouraged by as low rates as possible, consistent with comfort and speed.

The steamer *Contra Costa*, with a party of excursionists on board, ran aground on the shoal near Benicia on her way from Martinez to this city Sunday afternoon. It appears that the *Contra Costa* and the *Whipple* left Martinez in the afternoon, with two rival excursion parties on board, the former with the Printers and the latter with the Painters. A race took place between the steamers, and the *Whipple* left Benicia just previous to the arrival of the *Contra Costa*. The *Whipple* proceeded to Vallejo, and just as she was leaving that port the *Contra Costa* was seen ashore as above stated. It is thought that the *Contra Costa* broke down, as she had a powerful beam engine, which, unless an accident had happened to it, would have kept her off shore. It was expected that she would be floated off at high tide the next day.

The walking match at Platt's Hall still goes on. The San Francisco *Call* says there was a marked change on Sunday. During the early hours a solemn sullness pervaded the place, and when the pianists settled down to work a person on the outside would naturally have supposed that Brother Moody was in charge. The "Sweet Bye-and-By," "Hold the Fort," "Rock of Ages," and other well-known revival tunes were rendered with pleasing effect to all except the poor pedestrians, whose thoughts were doubtless in any other direction than heavenward. This spiritual food was liberally supplied during the day. In the evening, however, a more worldly-minded "music-butcher" assumed the helm, and some fine concert selections of a lively character were pounded out. In the mean time the ladies had attired themselves in their best track toggery, the bouquets began to pour in in increased numbers, the walking became more brisk, and by 9 o'clock everything and everybody was jolly. Miss Edwards was in fine spirits, and made her quarters in from 3:10 to 3:30. Mme. La Chapelle rattled off her heats in less time, her best score being 2:10. Armstrong, too, was in high feather. At 7:10 he completed 800 miles, making the last half in 4:55.

NEWS SUMMARY.

James R. Keene has accepted a place as Director of the Erie Railroad.

Servia, in consequence of the Russian pressure, has finally yielded the disputed frontier districts to Bulgaria.

The President has nominated James B. Thompson, of Colorado, Indian Agent for San Carlos agency, Arizona.

The Marquis de Caux is endeavoring to obtain an injunction to restrain Adelina Patti from singing in Paris.

An Imperial order has been issued at St. Petersburg, authorizing sentries to carry loaded and half-cocked repeating rifles.

A riot against the collection of taxes has occurred in the district of Catania, Sicily. Several soldiers and peasants have been killed.

The Great Council of Geneva have refused to discuss the re-establishment of capital punishment. Not a single voice was raised in its favor.

Sir John Mellor, Justice of the Queen's Bench Division, formally retired from judicial life on the 10th, at the adjournment of his court.

The German government has resolved to send the gunboat *Nautilus* and several vessels from the Asiatic squadron to South American waters.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg states that the Governor-General of Moscow found it necessary to extend martial law to five adjacent provinces.

Algerian advices are to the effect that the insurgents appear to intend fleeing in the direction of Tunis. They number 800 foot and 100 horsemen.

While the steamer *Orpheus*, bound to Koenigsburg, was lying in the harbor of Stettin, Germany, her boiler burst, and many persons aboard were killed.

The June corn crop report of Illinois shows an increased acreage of 200,000, and a fifteen per cent more favorable condition than last year at this time.

Horace Maynard, United States Minister to Turkey, U. S. Consul Heap and family, and members of the Am rican legation, dined with the Sultan of Turkey on the 11th.

The amnesty to be proclaimed at Emperor William's golden wedding does not include recalcitrant priests, and the Ultramontanes are greatly disappointed in consequence.

A committee of the British Parliament has been making the electric light a subject of investigation. As might be expected, the report is exceedingly favorable.

Both parties in the New Hampshire Legislature held caucuses on the 12 h. The Republicans nominated Blair for United States Senator, and the Democrats Harry Bingham.

A cyclone passed over Sandersville, Georgia, on the 12th. The Catholic Church and many trees were blown down. Fencing and crops sustained considerable damage. No lives lost.

A board of inquiry has been appointed to investigate the grounding of the United States ship *Constitution*, and her subsequent disablement while returning from the Paris Exposition.

Germany is seriously offended at the right of search claimed and exercised by Peru against German vessels, and a strong protest demanding explanations is about to be dispatched to Lima.

Severe shocks of earthquake occurred throughout Costa Rica May 29th and 30th. In San Jose the Cathedral was partially destroyed. Slight shocks were felt on the Isthmus of Panama.

It is rumored that the Russian Commander of Eastern Roumelia, notwithstanding the promises of Russia, has been ordered to delay the completion of evacuation for a month after the 3d of July.

Reports have been received of serious damage by the storm in various parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Hail covered the ground and prostrated crops in some places. Many houses were unroofed.

The New York *Evening Post's* financial article says: "The fever for mining stock ventures is rising, notwithstanding that the profits of mining are, collectively, not so large as the profits of agriculture."

Count Julien Rochechouart, French Minister to Hayti, his private secretary, and first Secretary of Legation, all died of yellow fever at Port au Prince. His second Secretary was also attacked by the fever.

At Cheyenne "Count de Conti," a confidence man, has been sentenced to two years and a half in the Penitentiary, and Harry Clifton, who assaulted and robbed Sergeant Boling, of the Fifth Cavalry, to ten years.

Another war is threatened. A telegram from Buenos Ayres, May 18th, states that the rejection of the Patagonian Frontier Treaty with Chile is believed imminent, and warlike preparations are being made in consequence.

The New York *Herald* continues to decry the movement for a monster delegation to meet General Grant at San Francisco, and publishes numerous extracts from other papers from all parts of the country, which are of the same mind.

Dispatches from Delaware state that the peach crop this year will be very small. Many of the most intelligent growers predict that the end of the peach culture in the upper end of the peninsula is near at hand. The soil is thought to be running out.

A correspondent at St. Petersburg reports that he has been informed from an unimpeachable source that the Czar renounced his visit to Berlin because the German police had received intelligence that it was highly probable his assassination would be attempted there.

A dispatch from Provincetown (Mass.) says: Ten thousand dollars have been deposited here by the Spanish Government as indemnity to the owners of the schooners *Rizpath* and *Rising Sun*, seized south of Cuba by a Spanish gunboat, and interrupted in their whaling operations.

The *Globe*, a new Paris journal, understands that the demonetization of silver fractional currency in the Island of Reunion is the first step in the demonetization of silver, to be applied on a vast scale, with the object of combating the tendency of foreign countries to send their surplus silver to France.

A dispatch from Rome says: The waters of the Po are still rising. In the Merandola district 13,000 hectares are submerged, and 500,000 quintals of grain, 600,000 quintals forage and 5,000 head of cattle are destroyed. Inundations on the Adda are also threatened, there having been destructive hailstorms in the north of Italy.

It is reparted in Army circles at Washington that Adjutant-General Townsend, Paymaster-General Alvord, Inspector-General Marcy and Quartermaster-General Meigs will soon be placed on the retired list. It is said that it was understood when General Marcy was last promoted he would soon apply for retirement.

The New York *Tribune* says: There seems to be a strong desire in some parts of Massachusetts to celebrate the approaching 4th of July by addresses from distinguished Southern orators, and the newspapers of that State are discussing the proposition with great earnestness. Among the orators suggested is Jefferson Davis.

A Washington special alleges that Secretary Sherman is using the federal offices to promote his plans for the Presidency in the South. It is a fact worthy of note that gentlemen who hold government positions in the South have recently begun to evince a marked interest in political affairs. Almost to a man they have declared in favor of Sherman for President.

The Minnesota Greenback Convention has nominated the following ticket: For Governor, Asa Barton, of Faribault county; for Lieutenant Governor, William McGhen, of Freemore county; for Treasurer, Andrew Nelson, of Meeker county; for Secretary of State, A. P. Lane, of Hennepin county; for Attorney General, William L. Kelly, of St. Paul; for Railroad Commissioner, Ebenezer Ayres, of Washington county.

The New York *Herald's* London special says that the Rev. Mr. Talmage preached last Sunday at Islington Presbyterian Church to an enormous congregation. Much curiosity was evinced by the people to see the famous American preacher. A dense crowd blockaded the streets leading to the church. The enthusiasm was immense. Half a mile before the Presbyterian church was reached the carriage of the reverend gentleman was lifted from the ground and carried bodily to the church. It was one of the most tremendous ovations ever paid to an American minister in London.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

FLOUR—The export movement is very light. For the first half of June not more than 9,000 barrels left this port. The average is nearly three times that amount. The China steamer ready to sail takes a very small cargo. Receipts are liberal, but local mills are taking their time owing to the difficulty of obtaining wheat at prices on a par with this market. The local demand is merely jobbing and excepting for extra brands prices favor buyers.

We quote, Superfine common, $3 50@$4 00; Superfine, $4 12½@$4 25; extra superfine, $4 37½@$4 50; choice and extra choice, $5 00@$5 25; Oregon, good to choice, $4 75@$5 00.

WHEAT—This market is very quiet pending the arrival of new crop. There is plenty of old, at least 50,000 tons surplus to work on, but sellers and buyers are wide apart in their views as to values. The difference is 2½c on off grades to medium, and fully 5c on choice to gilt edge. The outside from shippers for anything not uncommon is wt 62½, and they are cautious about paying so much. Millers want choice lots at $1 70 for the very best, but the offers fall to draw. More has been paid in one or two instances, but it was for the purpose of drawing out the market. Choice grain is not plentiful, judging by offerings here, but some think there is a good deal held over. New will soon be in, and it is so late and has ripened so slowly it will be fit for grinding almost as soon as it gets here. This will at once ease the market. Since the first of June six or seven ships with over 200,000 centals have cleared. This is a large business for the season. Tonnage for the new crop is light. There are only 13 ships short of 20,000 tons register engaged and a little over 20 of 25,000 tons seeking. There is headed this way more than 155,000 tons, against 200,000 same time last year. However, we shall have plenty of carrying capacity, excepting in the event of a great demand during the first two months of the season. Crop prospects in this State, as in all the great wheat regions of the country, are good. All and all, Atlantic and Pacific ports will export as much as in the year just closing. The crop in Europe will differ little from last year's and the old countries will open a market for all our surplus, probably at about the same range of prices as last year.

We quote superfine, $1 40@$1 50; fair to choice milling, $1 65@$1 72½; shipping, $1 55@$1 65½.

BARLEY—Exports since our last issue embrace, in centals: 2.8 to Australia, 908 to New Zeland, 2) to Nanaimo, and 10 4 to Peru. The market is very quiet, there is fair demand on shippers' account, and very fair for home consumption. Feed men buy from hand to mouth, and local brewers do the same, although a little more freely than the others. Receipts for the week have been heavy, and the market the opposite from strong. For C ast Feed 70c is high.

We quote feed, 65c@80c (all gold); Brewing, 83½@95c.

CORN—Receipts are free. There is very little demand and the market is weak and dull.

We quote large yellow, 77½c; small yellow, 90c; white, 80c.

OATS—The receips are moderate, but a little larger than last week. Stocks of all kinds are quite moderate and choice oats are scarce. All good lots have been readily sold at full prices. Milling went at $1 60@1 67½ for choice to extra choice, and Surprise would probably bring a good advance on these rates. Medium and good feed meets with favor, selling at $1 40@1 45, and choice up to $1 50. Extra choice would be likely to command the outside figure.

We quote milling at $1 60@1 65; good to choice feed, $1 40@$1 55; common to fair feed, $1 10@$1 25.

RYE—Receipts are liberal and the market quiet and easy.

We now quote at 80@85.

BUCKWHEAT—In the absence of business we quote as before. For all grades we quote $1 20@$1 40.

MILLSTUFFS—We have no change to note.

Bran, per ton	$12 00@13 00
Middlings, per ton	17 00@18 00
Corn, ground, per ton, gold	21 00@22 00
Barley, ground, per ton, gold	17 00@18 00

HOPS—The market is still very dead.

We quote California, 5@8c; Oregon and Washington Territory 2@6c.

WOOL—This market is a good deal unsettled. Receipts and stocks are small and business limited. There are few buyers and they and sellers are apart as to values. For the best Humboldt and Sonoma 30c is asked, with 27@2 c bid, and sales at these prices. Eastern Oregon is coming in freely and going off steadily at 21@24c, for good to extra choice, and an exceptional lot perhaps at more. The present is a critical period in this trade; woolen goods are cheaper than they were a year ago. The past was an unprofitable year to manufacturers, many mills are closed still and others run on close time for the damage to machinery. Some of them who had capital and foresight loaded up last winter with old wool at very low prices; there is more of last year's wool in store than some think there is. Contracts are signed to deliver goods at very low prices, and these will be woven and placed on the market. In the face of all this we have the late excitement, mad prices paid here and at the East. Western wools are just coming into market; they are selling at good prices, but the farmers are meeting buyers freely and letting them have all they want; some seem disappointed at this; perhaps they would rather see a stiff market and slow sales that they might unload. The farmers are too shrewd and are marketing their wool freely. Now the late speculation was encouraged by a large amount of idle capital. What will be the result if the Western clip is all taken by speculators? What will be the result when their notes become due and they are told to lift them? So far we see nothing to justify the excitement, and congratulate our farmers who have got good prices for their wool. We hope the bottom will stay in until the whole clip of this State and Oregon is sold.

San Joaquin, fair to good	16 @ 20
San Joaquin, poor to fair	12 @ 15
Southern, fair to good	15 @ 20
Southern, poor to fair	10 @ 12
Northern, choice	25 @ 27
Northern, fair to good	20 @ 24
Humboldt and Sonoma	26 @28½

BUTTER—Receipts are very moderate. Stocks are reduced and prices tending to an advance. The market works a little better, but there is no change in values.

CHEESE—The market is very heavily stocked, very dull and weak.

EGGS—The market is still well supplied and weak. The quality of all arrivals is more or less affected and they have to be worked off quickly.

We quote: California choice fresh roll butter, 18@19c; common to good roll, 14@17c; Cheese, California, 8@10c; Western Cheese, 10@12c ₱ lb; California Eggs, 20@23c.

SALMON AND SMOKED FISH—This market remains very lifeless and unchanged.

We quote, $1 00@$1 12½ for 1-lb tins; bbl, $7@$8; hf bbl, $3@$4 00; all as to quality, where caught and grade of fish. Cod, Pacific, bdls 5@6c ₱ lb; Cod, in cases, 6½@7c; Cod, boneless, Eastern, 9@10c ₱ lb; Georges Cod, 9c ₱ lb; Mackerel, hf bbls, No. 1, $10 00@$11 00; do, hf bbls, No. 2, $8 00@$10 00; do, kits, No. 1, $2 25@$2 50; do, kits, No. 2, $2 00@$2 25.

HAY AND STRAW—Stocks are heavy and the market depressed.

We quote: Wheat, good to prime, ₱ ton $10 00@$13 00; wheat, fair to medium, $8 00@$9 00; oats, wild, ₱ ton, $6 50@$10 50; barley, choice, $8 50@$10 00; barley, ₱ ton, $6 00@$7 50; stock, $6 00@$7 00; straw, ₱ bale, 60@70c.

PROVISIONS—The jobbing demand is good and the market firm with an upward tendency.

We quote: California plain Hams, 9@10; Eastern Canvased C. S. C. Hams, 11@13c, as to brand; California Lard, 8@8½c; Eastern do, 8@12½c; California Bacon, 7@9c; Eastern Bacon, 8@10c; California Smoked Beef, $9 00@$11 00 ₱ bbl; Beef, $8 50@$10 50 ₱ bbl; hf bbl, $4 50@$6 00; Pork ₱ bbl, $13 00@$20 00.

POTATOES—Receipts are excessive and the market remains demoralized.

We quote: New, choice, 35@50; New, poor, 20@30.

SURE, PROMPT AND THOROUGH, are the characteristics of Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. Its merit has made it known everywhere for years, as a standard curative for Cramps, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, and all Diseases of the Bowels; it is besides easily administered to children, being pleasant to the taste, and is entirely safe.

The Stomach Cannot be Freighted

With greater trash than a violent drastic purgative. True, such a medicine relieves constipation for the time, but at the expense of great injury to the intestinal canal, which it both inflames and weakens, thus unfitting it for the performance of its proper functions. Widely different is the action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a tonic aperient which produces effects promptly, indeed but never violent and convulsing. The purity of its botanic ingredients, its unobjectionable flavor, its genial influence upon the mind, and the thoroughness of its remedial action in cases of constipation, liver complaint and dyspepsia, combine to render it a most desirable family specific. It increases both physical vigor and substance, tranquillizes and invigorates the nervous system, and gives an unwonted relish for the food. A wineglass three times daily is about the average dose.

An Editor vs. a General.

It requires as much genius to create and conduct a great newspaper as it does to command an army. The best evidence of this truth is afforded by the San Francisco WEEKLY CHRONICLE, eight pages in size, brimful of news, and abounding with everything that can amuse, instruct, or inspire to beneficial thought. The care, labor, expense and enterprise of preparing even a single number must be immense. It is with something of professional pride that we note the prosperity and incessant improvement of our great cotemporary.

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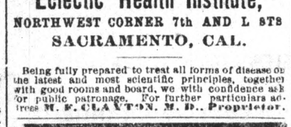

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IRON PIPE, Plain and Galvanized.

BRASS COCKS For Water and Steam.

GARDEN HOSE, Best 3 ply.

Fittings Sheet Zinc, Lead Pipe, Sewer Traps, Boilers, Bath Tubs, etc. Send for Price Lists.

W. R. ALLEN 761 Market street, SAN FRANCISCO.

TO KEEP THE HANDS SOFT,

The Complexion Clear,

THE TEETH WHITE,

THE BREATH FRAGRANT,

The Hair soft and silky retaining its natural color, and to prevent and remove premature wrinkles, use

Dr. Munckton's Liquid Glycerine Soap.

Factory 115 Leidesdorff St., S. F

PACIFIC WATER CURE

—AND—

Eclectic Health Institute,

NORTHWEST CORNER 7th AND L STS

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Being fully prepared to treat all forms of disease on the latest and most scientific principles, together with good rooms and board, we with confidence ask for public patronage. For further particulars address M. F. CLAYTON, M. D., Proprietor.

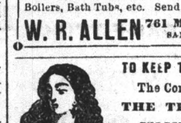
OUR GENTLEMEN'S OUTFIT CASE, Contains 1 Combination Pencil holder, pencil, Pen, Rubber Eraser and Knife, Price 25 cents; 1 Combination Match safe, Stamp Holder and Pin Cushion, price 25 cents; 1 Smoker's Drawing Case, containing 2 Pipes, Cigar Holder, Cigarette Holder, set of Cuff Buttons, Collar Button and Studs, price 50 cents. The whole packed securely in a nice case and mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 50 cents in stamps. Liberal inducements to agents.

A. S. SPENCE & Co., 24 Geary St., San Francisco.

GIVEN AWAY TOWN LOTS, NO CONDITIONS. You pay cost of deed and take your Lot. Send or call for circulars. Central California Land and Immigration Co., office 202 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Colored plats of town, 20x30 inches, 25 cts. Map of state, 10 cts. Irrigated Farms of 10 acres and upwards for sale. AGENTS WANTED.

BOSWELL FRUIT DRYER.



Dries by Deflected Heat.

CAPACITY,

500 lbs.

Price, $75.

Large Sizes, to dry from 1000 to 4000 lbs.

—AT—

Special Rates.

BOSWELL HEATER CO., 606 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

UNIVERSITY MOUND COLLEGE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Boarding School for Young Men and Boys. Fall term begins July 21. For Catalogue, apply to JOHN GAMBLE, B. A., Principal.

YO SEMITE FALLS HOTEL,

(Formerly Hutchings')

Yo Semite Valley, Cal.

CONNECTED WITH THIS HOTEL ARE

J. C. Smith's Celebrated Hot and Cold Bathing Establishment, Post Office, Telegraph Office and Wells Fargo's Express.

This is the only Hotel in this Valley with cottages separate from the main building, and located immediately on the margin of the beautiful waters of the Merced River. Our dining room—also on the river—is set out under shady trees and over green lawns, with a grand view in a direct line of the Yo Semite Fall, 2 634 feet high.

Invalids and parties who cannot endure horseback riding, can see all the principal points of interest from the porches of this hotel.

JOHN K. BARNARD, Prop'r.

HARNESS!

And Saddlery Goods Wholesale and Retail.

Double Ranch Harness, $15 to $45 per set; Double Buggy Harness, $30 to $150 per set; Single Buggy Harness, $12.50 to $75 per set; Side saddles, $8 to $50 each; Buggy whips, $1.50 to $36 per doz.; California Buck lashes 10 ft. $14 to $24 per doz.; two horse lashes 6 ft., $2 to $7 per doz.; Copper rivets, 35c. per lb.; Harness leather, good quality, 28c. to 34c. per lb.; Curry Combs, $1 to $4 per doz.; Hame Straps, $2 per doz.; Snake whips, $8 to $30 per doz.; sweat Collars, $8 to $12 per doz.; Riding Bridles, $10 50 to $21 per doz.; binch s, $4.50 to $18 per doz.; Collars $15 to $30 per doz.; California hand forged Bits and Spurs.

My heavy saddles for stock herding on the best hard wood trees, cannot be excelled for price and quality. Orders by express promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed. W. DAVIS, 421 Market St., near First, San Francisco. Send for Price List.

N. CURRY & BRO.

113 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

SOLE AGENTS

FOR THE

Sharps Rifle Co., of Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR CALIFORNIA, OREGON, ARIZONA, NEVADA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, AND IDAHO.

Also, Agent for W. W. GREENER'S Celebrated Wedgetail, Quickborn Breech-loading DOUBLE GUNS; and all kinds of GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS made by the Leading Manufacturers of England and America. AMMUNITION of all kinds, in quantities to suit

THE BEST **CLOTHING** For Men & Boys

C. C. HASTINGS & CO.

LICK HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Self-Measurement Rules Sent to Any Address.

PHOSPHATE SOAP.

NOTHING BETTER FOR COMMON Toilet Use.

BUY THE BEST Article IN THE MARKET.

PHOSPHATE SOAP

Should be used by ladies for the Complexion. Cosmetics injure the skin but PHOSPHATE SOAP is beneficial. It removes impurities and leaves the skin soft and healthy.

PHOSPHATE SOAP and one cake will last longer than three of cheap, inferior soaps.

PHOSPHATE SOAP Possesses medicinal qualities surpassing anything else in the market. For chapped hands, eruptions on the face or scalp or skin diseases of any kind, use PHOSPHATE SOAP. It should be in every house. Sold by all dealers. One cake sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents in stamps.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

STANDARD SOAP CO.,

204 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

T. C. WALTER. GEO. A. WILLIAMS.

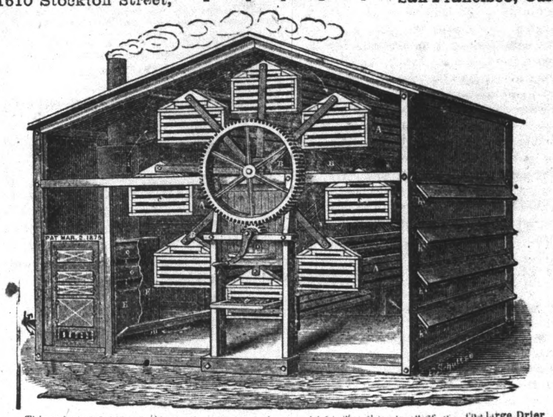
THE WALTER PATENT

FRUIT DRIER

AND PRESERVER.

T. C. WALTER & CO.

1610 Stockton Street, - - - - - San Francisco, Cal.



This cut represents the Drier in use. The Drier is 8 feet wide, 8 feet deep and 13½ feet high, and contains 8 cases, in each of which are trays, making 9 trays in all. 64 of these are 28 by 42 inches, and 16 are 16 by 40 inches, making a drying surface of 500 square feet.

EXPLANATION OF CUT. Letter E, the furnace. O O, the heater on the furnace through which the heat and smoke pass to the furnace pipe. F, the case surrounding the furnace and heater. I I, the hot air chambers. N, the cold air flue connecting with air chamber I I, where the cold air becomes rarefied and passes to the top of the Drier, which, being tight, prevents the hot air from escaping, and forces the cold air, together with the vapor, through flues H H H H at the end of the Drier. By opening flue M, which connects with air chamber I I, a down draft is created which re-heats the air in the bottom of the Drier. B B, the two iron wheels, as seen on an iron shaft which runs through the Drier. The cog-wheel connects with the shaft and is turned by means of a crank. A, the cases which contain the fruit trays, and swing between the wheels B B. C, the trays containing the fruit. By turning the crank a proper distance, the cases are swung before the door, D, when the fruit is put in and taken out. During the process of drying, it is only necessary that the crank be turned so as to bring the fruit on top to the bottom every half hour; but the frequency of turning depends somewhat on the kind of fruit to be dried.

The Proprietors of the

WALTER PATENT FRUIT DRIER

AND PRESERVER

Desire to call the attention of the Fruit Growers of the Pacific Coast to an invention which is destined to work a revolution in the Fruit Trade. This Drier is the result of careful research and experiments, and accomplishes all that the most exacting fruit grower could desire. It not only dries the fruit more rapidly and rapidly than any other Drier, but preserves it with a lustre, richness and delicacy of flavor unsurpassed. IT SURPASSES ALL OTHERS, being the only machine which has no draughts to carry off the aroma of the fruit. By its process the saccharine matter is turned to a jelly, and

Raisins Equal to the Sun-Dried Fruit of Europ

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, June 26th, 1879.

Exploits of a Charivari Party.

Night had thrown her sable wreath over the still and pulseless world, but by the low, hurried whisperings that passed from agitated lips on the street, it was evident that something of no ordinary moment was about to take place. A short time previous a couple had been transformed to that happy stage where the poet speaks of them as "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." Soon, on the dreamy air there came a floating note, sweet as the strain of Orpheus, and ere long a multitude of dark forms had gathered in front of the Craft, with sound producing instruments, such as the imps of Hades might employ to engage the attention of His Satanic Majesty. A hurried consultation and the mysterious group passed with hastened tread through a dark and gloomy street. Not a sound was heard as they stealthily lifted the latch of the garden gate and stole noiselessly beneath a front window from which gleamed a faint and glimmering light. All at once a sound went forth, even surpassing in hideousness the pandemonium that accompanied Satan's fall. 'Twas neither of Earth nor of Heaven. Watch-dogs in the neighborhood set up a hideous howl and the air was filled with turbulence. Slowly the window raised and the threatening muzzle of a double-barrel shotgun caused an unparalleled panic in the band of fiendish musicians, and the music suddenly changed to the quick-step tune of shoe-leather beating on the pavement, chorussed by the occasional thud of some one falling over a post that had indiscreetly got in the way. It is not known how far they did run, but some time expired before the scattered forces were re-united, when another consultation was held which resulted in the conclusion that they had serenaded the wrong house and that the new couple were quartered in another part of town. Thither they bent their footsteps and in a short time stood in front of the domicil in which the Benedict was thought to be secreted. Once more the citizens of Yolo county were thrown into tantrums by the horrible discord, compared with which a feline concert embracing all the talented vocalists of the family would have been pronounced soothingly delicious. In fact it accomplished more in depopulating our town of the canine inhabitants than all the poison ever administered. Timid people living in the neighborhood donned their apparel and fled in wild confusion. Of a sunden a low growl was heard to proceed from around the corner and in another instant the huge form of a bull-dog made his presence unmistakably known. The exact time required in scaling the fence is not known and probably never will be, but some of the instruments used in the band were next day found several miles from town and a three-cornered piece of a linen coat found near the gate next morning induces the belief that the race was a close one. They again rallied their available forces but some of their number have not since been heard from. A consultation was held once more when a courier arrived and announced the glad tidings that the whereabouts of their man was discovered. With one accord they hastened to the point designated, several blocks distant, and once more the tin cans, cymbals, drums and horns rent the midnight air. At this point a gentle voice from the second story told them to leave or the police would be called, as there were sick people in the house and they must not be disturbed. Foiled on all turns, the serenaders finally abandoned the undertaking, (after visiting fifteen houses without success). During all this time Charley was "dreaming the lovely hours away" in the Craft Hotel.

Davisville Notes.

FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

A great number of idle men are at present stopping in our town patiently awaiting the advent of the harvest season, which is now close upon us.

The north wind has been blowing quite strongly here for four days past. This is an unusual occurrence, for these periodical winds generally subside after a three-days' cruise.

Chas. H. Read, the exposer of the Katie King mystery, and a host of other spiritualistic frauds, entertained our citizens at the Odd Fellows' Hall, on Wednesday last. His relation of the manner in which confiding people are duped by traveling mediums was interesting, and showed clearly how easily people may be deceived.

Farming implements, threshing machinery, etc., pass through our town on every train, and indicate that the crops this year will be heavy and larger than those of average years. The north wind has been productive of some mischief, but the damage is not so extensive as farmers would have us believe. One of the characteristics of California agriculturists is to err upon the side of damage.

Notwithstanding the warmth of the present weather many parties indulge in the pleasant pastime of fishing. Putah Creek is greatly celebrated for her fine trout, which at this season of the year are plentiful. Woodland sportsmen will find our creek an excellent stream for the pursuit of pleasure or profit.

The Davisville "H. B." Club boasts a membership of ninety-five. This number is doubted by many of our citizens, and with good reason, for the club was organized with a membership of thirty only, and since that time no observable accession has been made to its ranks. We have good reason to think that all good substantial Democrats and Republicans will remain true to their party.

Amusements have been quite numerous here lately, keeping the young folks on the *qui vive* all the time. A social dance was given by the Willows Quadrille Band on Friday evening. It was well attended. The music given by this band merits the appreciation it receives.

Sidewalk politicians are numerous, and the air is filled with all sorts of rumors regarding candidates for office. Everybody wants some recognition at the hand of his party, and many of them would take almost any office—or anything else they could get their hands on.

A gravel train, of about sixty cars, is at work on the road near Dixon.

Judge James A. Johnson, it is thought here, will most probably be the "H. B's." candidate for Superior Judge and R. Clark, of Winters, District Attorney. Will. King and L. C. Drummond, soaring upon the wings of an aspiring ambition, will endeavor to secure the nomination, on the same ticket, for Sheriff. Which will be successful we do not know. They are equally popular.

Mr. Rube Branson, who once held the reins, a la Dennis Kearney, will, if we can believe him, be our next Assessor.

Mr. John Caulfield, aspires to the ermine of a Justice of the Peace.

Mr. George Wilson will be, it is said, a candidate for Constable.

These gentlemen, if elected, will make efficient officers.

Messrs. Clark and Hoag met in the pugilistic arena the other day. Result—a slight abrasion of the epidermis on the apex of the former's proboscis.

A. QUAD.

WHO STRUCK WOODLAND DICK?

Is a question often asked, but never answered, because the miscreant who struck the aforesaid Woodland Dick, Esq., has never been fully identified. But when you ask

Who Struck a Fatal Blow at the High Prices

Heretofore prevailing in YOLO COUNTY, why, the Farmer, Mechanic, Men, Women and even Children unanimously exclaim

THE GREAT WESTERN

BANKRUPT STORE!

BUT NOW TO BUSINESS!

But why have we made such a success in our business in so short a time? Because we have kept our word, and that is simply this:

1st. Fair Dealing to All.

2d. One Price to All.

3d. No Misrepresenting Goods.

4th. We Sell for Cash Only.

There is the secret of our business. We have now made all arrangements to have a buyer in San Francisco who will take advantage of all the failures, and buy for cash, and by so doing it will enable us to undersell any store in Woodland, and we buy all our goods for cash and sell the same strictly for cash; therefore we will sell goods lower than any o the Grabbers,

In our previous advertisement we advertised to stay ONLY 20 DAYS. We have now concluded to locate in Woodland and run

Opposition to Imposition!

As it is a free country, and there is room for all.

We still offer you no price list, nor do we give you a bite on Calico and Muslin and burn you on other goods (like —— —— you all know); all we ask of you is a fair trial and you will be convinced that we do undersell any store in Woodland.

N.B.—To my many friends of Woodland and Yolo County: You will find me at

THE GREAT WESTERN

BANKRUPT STORE!

Where I would be pleased to see you all.

MORRIS,

Formerly Clerk in the S. F. Auction Store but now of the firm of

M. MICHAEL & CO.,

Opposite the Postoffice, - Woodland.

my25dw

"Encyclopædia Britannica!"

AMERICAN REPRINT.

I am now prepared to take subscriptions for the above work in Yolo County.

THIS WORK NEEDS NO PRAISE!

More Complete and Comprehensive than all Cyclopædias

At Half the Price of the English Edition,

And less than half of any other 'Cyclopædia extant; it is within the reach of all who desire a

Full and Complete Library

For reference on all subjects—

SCIENTIFIC,

LITERARY

AND HISTORICAL,

An examination of the work is solicited.

J. C. COLMESNIL,

Agent for Yolo County

Address: Capital Hotel, Woodland.

my15w3m

BARTLETT WATER!

BARTLETT WATER!!

I wish to announce to Ladies and Gentlemen of Woodland that from this date onward I will be prepared to furnish Bartlett Water by the case or single quart bottle, hermetically sealed, and CHEAP. Its curative properties are not diminished by time, climate or removal.

IN THE CANDY LINE

I am prepared to furnish Picnic Parties, Balls and Private Parties, with all the Choicest Varieties, in any quantity.

Cigars and Tobacco of the Choicest Brands!

STATIONERY, TOYS AND NUTS

In great variety. My object is to make a living by selling cheap and for cash.

Give us a call, please, and we will do our utmost to induce you to call again.

Very respectfully,

O'CONNOR & McLAUGHLIN,

Next door West and adjoining Fashion Stables, Woodland.

jel7dw

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

That Eligibly Located and Desirable Town Property situated at the Southeast Corner of

Oak Avenue and Cypress St.,

Containing Five Acres of Land,

Is offered for sale by the owner, together with the **COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE** thereon. This fine property will be sold either as a whole or in part if applied for soon. For particulars apply to

GEO. D. FISKE,

my29dw Postoffice Building, Woodland.

CAUTION.

Notice is hereby given that GEO. D. FISKE, Jr., is in no way authorized to transact any business of whatsoever nature for the Puget Sound Lumber Co., his services having been dispensed with April 30th, 1879.

PUGET SOUND LUMBER CO.,

By G. W. LYFORD, Agent.

Woodland, June 6th, 1879. Je6dw

REFERRING TO THE ABOVE

I will state that I have never attempted nor desired to transact business for P. S. L. Co. since date mentioned. I am, however, prepared to furnish lumber at any point in Yolo County on reasonable terms. "That's what's the matter with Hannah."

jel2dw GEO. D. FISKE, Jr.

FRENCH RESTAURANT.

WOODLAND, CAL.

Oysters in Every Style!

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Ice-Cream and Strawberries. Board by the week, Five Dollars.

jeldw B. DENNEBY, Prop'r.

New Jewelry Store!

JAMES A. BARCLAY,

WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER,

Main Street, - - Woodland,

(*SUCCESSOR TO L. MACHEFERT,*)

—DEALER IN—

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SPECTACLES, TABLE CUTLERY,

PLATED & SILVERWARE,

GOLD PENS, ETC.

The public are cordially invited to call and examine goods and prices. All goods warranted as represented or money refunded.

Work Sent by Express Promptly Attended to.

Je6w J. A. BARCLAY.

C. D. MORIN,

At his Old Stand, opposite the Bank of Woodland,

Is prepared to do all kinds of

PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING,

—AND—

METAL ROOFING

And Manufacturer of

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Wares;

ALSO, DEALER IN

STOVES,

PUMPS,

IRON AND GALVANIZED PIPES OF ALL SIZES.

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED "UNION RANGE!"

—AND THE—

"MEDALLION RANGE."

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS IN HIS LINE.

GALVANIZED IRON

WATER TANKS!

All Sizes, made to order.

AGENCY FOR

Rose's deep well Force Pumps.

TOOLS FOR BORING WELLS Can be had at my Store.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY Promptly attended to.

☞ SHOP ON MAIN STREET, (Next to Gray & Wood's Hardware Store.)

je1w C. D. MORIN.

H. B. WOOD,

DEALER IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS MACHINERY,

Hardward, Woodenware, Paints, Oils, MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.

The latest improved Machinery and Agricultural Implements, which he sells at San Francisco prices.

Myer's Excelsior Gang Plow!

ONE OF THE VERY BEST IN USE.

He also calls attention to his

Iron and Wood-worker's Tools,

And Stock-in-Trade, consisting in IRON, STEEL, COAL, SPRINGS, AXLES, BOLTS, NAILS, LOCKS, SCREWS, HINGES, ETC.

CASTINGS FOR MACHINERY.

Cutlery, in Every Style,

CORDAGE, BLASTING POWDER,

Fuse, and all kinds of Ammunition.

The stock of PAINTERS' FINDINGS is large and complete, consisting of

Paints, Oils, Brushes, Window-Glass, Etc., Etc.

☞ The attention of Farmers, Mechanics and Builders is particularly invited to his stock, each line of which is complete, and will be sold at very low prices.

H. B. WOOD.

WOODLAND, Sept. 24, 1874. jelw

Watches, Clocks,

JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS,

SCHOOL BOOKS,

Miscellaneous Books, Stationery

AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ETC.,

Always to be found at

G. W. GREENE'S

JEWELRY STORE,

Main Street, College Block, Woodland.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in a satisfactory manner and on short notice. jelw

A. D. PORTER,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER

—AND—

Dealer in Produce generally.

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.

ap1w

For the Cheapest & Best

MOWERS, HEADERS,

SEPARATORS AND ENGINES,

HEADER WAGONS,

—GO TO—

F. S. FREEMAN & CO.,

Who sell Everything in the way of

HARDWARE

—AND—

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

—AT—

SAN FRANCISCO WHOLESALE PRICES!

As they import their goods DIRECT FROM THE FACTORIES!

We will sell General Merchandise Cheaper than Ever at our Store at Capay, Cal.

☞ SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Buying Wool and Grain!

ap17w

P. KRELLENBERG,

Dealer in all kinds of

Furniture

—AND—

Bedding!

A Large Assortment Always on hand, which will be sold

AT REASONABLE PRICES!

—ALSO,—

GENERAL UNDERTAKER!

I keep on hand a large lot of Burial Cases and Coffins, and have a FIRST-CLASS HEARSE, so that I am prepared to supply

Everything Necessary for Funerals on Short Notice!

STORE, COR. THIRD & MAIN STS.,

Opp. Pockman's Stables,

ap1w WOODLAND.

—AT THE—

CALIFORNIA POULTRY YARDS, WOODLAND,

May be had the greatest and best variety of Imported, Premium and Fancy Fowls

WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS!

☞ If you want fowls or eggs write the proprietor, MRS. C. H. SPRAGUE, ap18w1f Woodland.

J. SOVEREIGN,

WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKER,

Blacksmith and General Repairer.

Horseshoeing a Specialty!

Ag't for the American Chief Gang Plow.

NEW SHOP ON FIRST STREET,

OPPOSITE WOODLAND BAKERY.

ap3w3m

FRAZER & CO.,

Having purchased the well known and popular

MEAT

MARKET

Heretofore conducted by **Johnson & Mossmayer**, propose to sell Meats at **6, 8, 10, and 12½ Cents** per pound, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their old customers and the public generally. Bills will be collected monthly.

Market in College Block,

CORNER MAIN STREET, WOODLAND

Meat Delivered anywhere in Town.

ap1dw

FRENCH MERCHANT TAILORS!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES BY

BENOIT BROS.

Until further notice, we will make suits to order as follows:

SUITS.

Black Suits worth	$56	for	$45.00
Business "	45	"	35.00
" "	35	"	26.00

PANTS.

French Doeskin worth	$14	for	$12.00
Pants "	9	"	7.00
" "	7	"	5.00
" "	6	"	4.50

The gentlemen of Woodland and vicinity are invited to give us a call.

BENOIT BROS.,

One door West of Postoffice, Woodland,

March 30th, 1879. jeldw

J. W. KING,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Over Porter & Co., Woodland, Cal.

None but first-class work allowed to leave this Gallery.

COME AND SEE US. feldw

.....THE.....

Pioneer Corner Store,

WOODLAND,

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.,

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

GRAIN AND GRAIN BAGS!

Low Prices for Goods, and Fair Dealing Guaranteed to Every One.

CALL AND SEE US.

ap1w **A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.**

SMITH'S

AMERICAN

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

.....AT.....

WHOLESALE PRICES!

83,000 SMITH'S ORGANS

.....AND.....

40,000 PIANOS NOW IN USE.

Each Instrument Warranted for Ten Years!

Any style of Piano or Organ sent on 15 days' test trial by furnishing Banker's, Express or R. R. Co's. Certificate of Deposit for amount; also, Sheet Music at one-half marked price.

Send for Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists to

JAMES S. SMITH,

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT,

575 Market Street, San Francisco.

ja2

JUST RECEIVED:

A Large and Well Selected Stock of

FIRST-CLASS

FASHIONABLE TAILORING GOODS.

Prices to Suit the Times.

A. BUTZ,

Main St., Opp. Craft Hotel.

je5w

WOODLAND MEAT MARKET!

A few doors West of Postoffice,

BARNES & CO., Proprietors.

[Successor to Byrns, Gable & Co.]

ALL KINDS OF

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Kept constantly on hand, and of the best qualities, including Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork, Sausage, Lard, Etc., Etc.

The Highest Price Paid for Fat Cattle, Hogs and Sheep.

A DELIVERY WAGON will carry meats to any part of town.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and all who favor us with their orders may rely on fair dealing. my1dw

J. K. SMITH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

FURNITURE AND BEDDING,

COLLEGE BLOCK, MAIN ST.,

Woodland, Cal., opp. the Craft House.

UNDERTAKING promptly attended to.

A fine new hearse in connection with the business. jel-dw

THE TAMPICO BUSTS

Now used in

Dr. Warner's Health Corset

And **Skirt Supporters** are the greatest improvement ever made in Corsets. They are as soft as velvet, very flexible and contain no bones.

Price by mail, $1.50; Nursing Corset, $1.75.

THE FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,

(120 Bones) fits with perfect ease and is *Warranted* not to break over the hips. Price, - - $1.25.

For sale by all leading merchants.

WARNER BROTHERS.

351, Broadway, New York. my3w

EDWARD RIDLEY & SONS,

309 to 311½ Grand, and 58 to 70 Allen Sts.,

NEW YORK.

Spring and Summer of 1879:

Our New and Complete

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE & PRICE LIST

Is now ready, and will be sent to any address on receipt of price, **25 cents per year**, published semi-annually; or 16 cents each.

This edition is the most perfect of its kind in the world, containing 272 pages and over 1,000 illustrations, comprehending every article a lady is likely to want for herself or her family. Millinery, Straw and Fancy Goods, Ladies' and Children's Suits and Underwear, Hosiery, Kid Gloves, Corsets, Shoes, Boys' Clothing, Boys and Mens' Underwear and Hats, Silks, Laces, Dress Goods, Jewelry, Napery, Childrens' Carriages, Chamber Sets, etc., at the lowest New York price given in plain figures, and all information necessary to enable any person to order goods by mail or express and receive prompt attention.

Addres, **E. RIDLEY & SONS,**

my22w Grand and Allen Streets, New York.

NEW FIRM!

H. H. LINNELL & CO.,

37 and 39 J St., Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements,

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,

Weyhrich Headers,

Anson Wood's Mowers and Reapers,

Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

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